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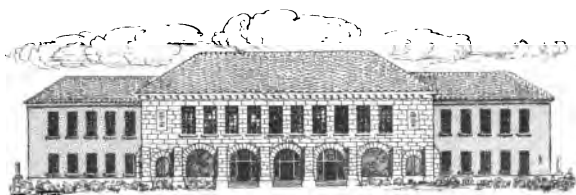
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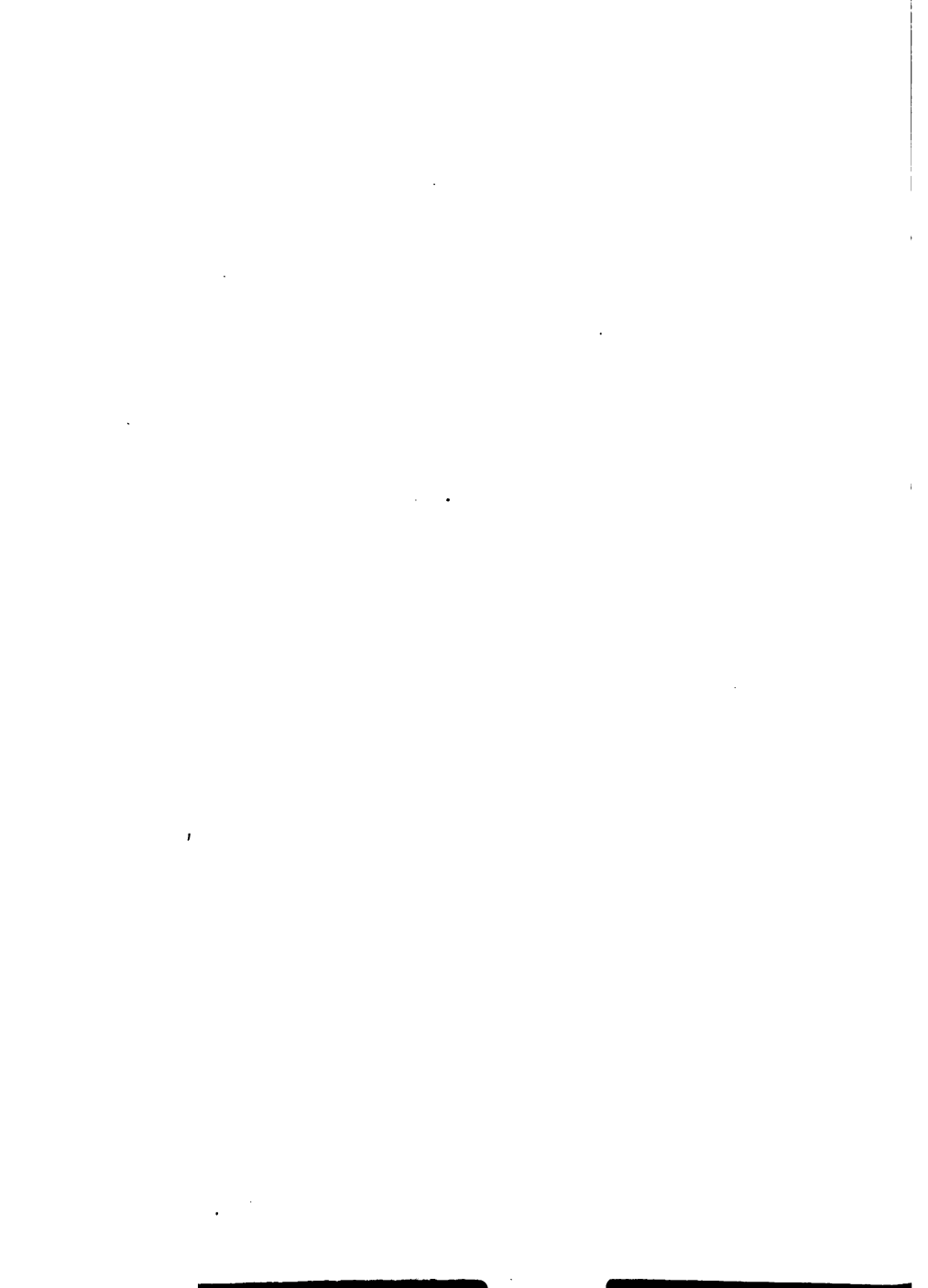


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NEW CENTURY SERIES

NEW CENTURY READERS NATURE, MYTH AND STORY

THIRD YEAR

BY

JOHN G. THOMPSON

PRINCIPAL OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, FITCHBURG, MASS.

AND

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SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY

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P R E F A C E .

In collecting material for this book, the following guiding principles have been constantly in mind :

1. The selections should appeal to the various phases of interest that manifest themselves in the child in the third year of school—to the mythical, imaginative and poetical, to the love of truth as illustrated in nature and in history, to the natural delight in wit and humor, to the striking interest in the individual, whether brute or human.

2. Every selection should have a meaning, but no selection should have a moral tagged to it.

3. The difficulty of the selections in form, content and meaning should not be too great, and these selections should be carefully graded from the least to the most difficult, step by step, making sure that each step is an easy one.

4. The book should be attractive in appearance, clear and pleasing in typography and artistic in illustration and arrangement.

The compilers and the publishers have spared neither time nor labor nor expense in striving to realize these ideals.

Acknowledgment and thanks are due to "The Independent" and to Alice May Douglas for permission to use the selection entitled, "Who Loves the Trees Best?" Also to L. C. Page & Co. for use of selections and illustrations from "A Child's Garden of Verses."

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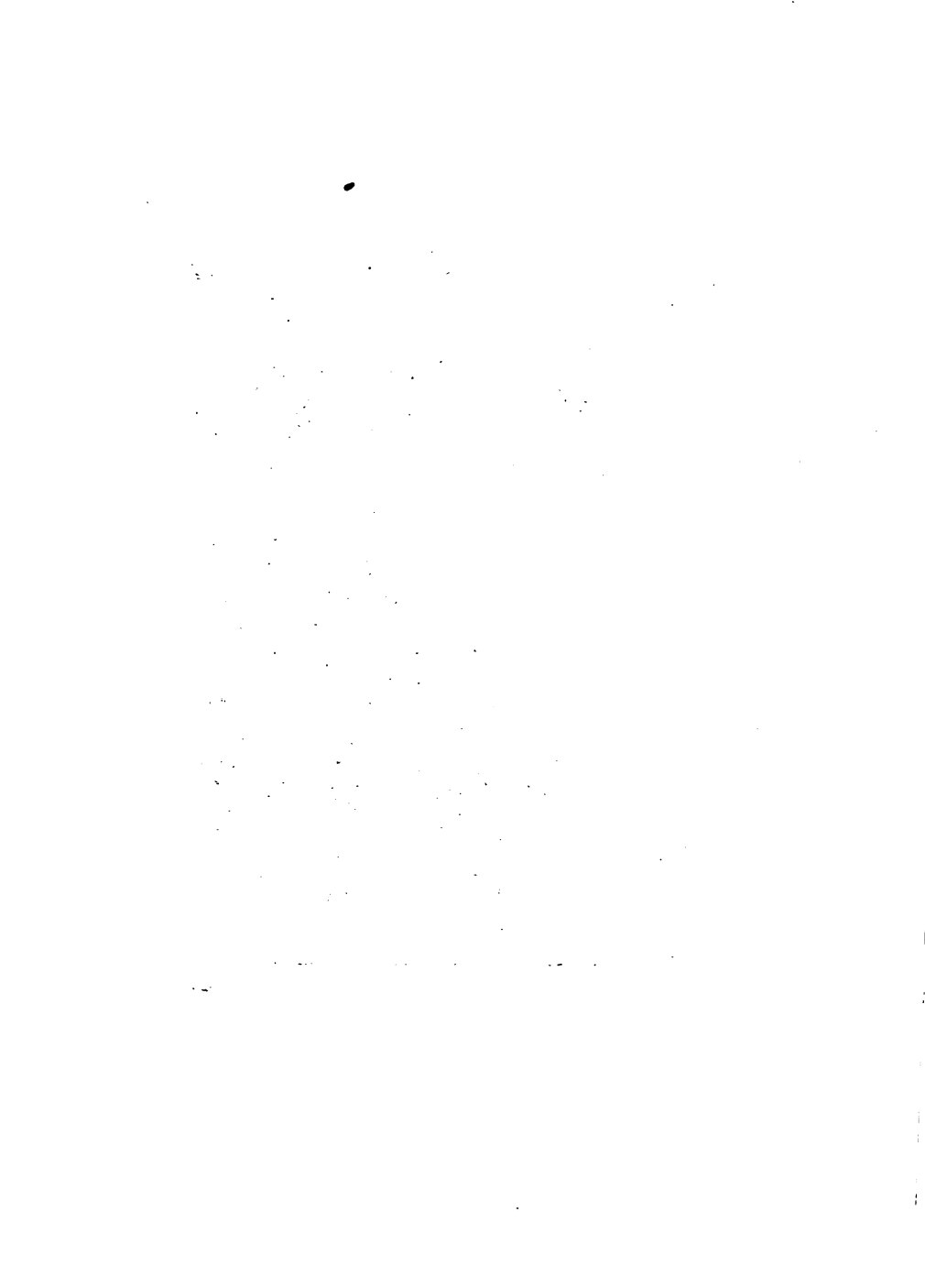
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NEW CENTURY READERS.

THIRD BOOK.

AESOP.

We are not sure that such a man as Aesop ever lived. Many of the writers of long ago tell us that there was such a man and that he lived nearly three thousand years ago.

He was a slave and was very ugly looking, but he had a very bright mind. His master was so much pleased with him that he set him free. He then went from place to place telling his fables; for they were not written.

We do not know to-day just the words he used. We know only the fables as they have been handed down through three thousand years.

He told his fables about animals,—about the lion, the wolf, the fox, the dog, the cat, and many others. Some of his best known fables are *The Fox and the Grapes*, *The Dog in the Manger*, *The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*, and *The Frog and the Ox*.



THE COCK AND THE JEWEL.

As a cock was scratching for food, he came upon a jewel.

“How many,” he said to himself, “would be glad to have found this; but to me it is good for nothing. I would give more for one grain of corn than for many such jewels.”

—AESOP.



LITTLE BIRDIE.

WHAT does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day ?
“ Let me fly,” says little birdie ;
“ Mother, let me fly away.”
“ Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.”
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day ?
Baby says, like little birdie,
“ Let me rise and fly away.”
“ Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.”
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

—TENNYSON.



THE EGG IN THE NEST.

There was a tree stood in the ground,
The prettiest you ever did see ;
The tree in the wood, and the wood in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

And on this tree there was a limb,
The prettiest limb you ever did see ;
The limb on the tree, and the tree in the wood,
The tree in the wood, and the wood in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

And on this limb there was a bough,
The prettiest bough you ever did see ;
The bough on the limb, and the limb on the tree,
The limb on the tree, and the tree in the wood,
The tree in the wood, and the wood in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

Now on this bough there was a nest,
And in this nest there were some eggs,
The prettiest eggs you ever did see ;
Eggs in the nest, and the nest on the bough,
The bough on the limb, and the limb on the tree,
The limb on the tree, and the tree in the wood,
The tree in the wood, and the wood in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around,
And the green grass growing all around.

LITTLE RED HEN.

Little Red Hen was scratching in the garden, and she found a grain of wheat.

"Now who will plant this grain of wheat?" she asked.

"Not I," said the goose.

"Nor I," said the duck.

"I will then," said Little Red Hen; and she planted the grain of wheat. It grew up and was soon yellow and ripe.



"Now who will cut the wheat and thresh it?" asked Little Red Hen.

"I will not," said the goose.

"And I will not," said the duck.

"I will then," said Little Red Hen.

She cut it with her bill and threshed it with her wings.



"Now who will take this wheat to the mill?" asked Little Red Hen.

"Not I," said the goose.

"Not I," said the duck.

"I will," said Little Red Hen.

She took the wheat to the mill and had it ground into flour.

She brought the flour home.

"Now who will make some bread with this flour?" asked Little Red Hen.

"I will not," said the goose.

"And I will not," said the duck.

"I will then," said Little Red Hen.

She made the bread and baked it.

"Now who will eat this bread?" asked Little Red Hen.

"We will," cried the goose and the duck.

"So you would," said Little Red Hen, "if you could get it; but I shall eat it myself."

And she called her chickens to help her.



SWEET AND LOW.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me ;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Father will come to his babe in the nest ;
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon ;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

TENNYSON.



THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.

One day, as an old woman was sweeping her house, she found a sixpence.

"What shall I do with this little sixpence?" she said.

"I will go to market and buy a pig." She went to market and bought a little pig.

On the way home they came to a stile, but the pig would not jump over.

The old woman went on a little way and she met a dog. She said to the dog, "Dog! dog! bite pig! Pig will not jump over stile, and I shall not get home to-night." But the dog would not.

The old woman went on and she met a stick. She said to the stick, "Stick! stick! beat dog! Dog will not bite pig; pig will not jump over

stile ; and I shall not get home to-night." But the stick would not.

She went on and she met a fire. She said to the fire, "Fire ! fire ! burn stick ! Stick will not beat dog ; dog will not bite pig ; pig will not jump over stile ; and I shall not get home to-night." But the fire would not.

She went on and she met some water. She said to the water, "Water ! water ! quench fire ! Fire will not burn stick ; stick will not beat dog ; dog will not bite pig ; pig will not jump over stile ; and I shall not get home to-night." But the water would not.

She went on and she met an ox. She said to the ox, "Ox ! ox ! drink water ! Water will not quench fire ; fire will not burn stick ; stick will not beat dog ; dog will not bite pig ; pig will not jump over stile ; and I shall not get home to-night." But the ox would not.

She went on and she met a butcher. She said to the butcher, "Butcher ! butcher ! kill ox ! Ox will not drink water ; water will not quench fire ; fire will not burn stick ; stick will not beat dog ; dog will not bite pig ; pig will not jump over stile ; and I shall not get home to-night." But the butcher would not.

She went on and she met a rope. She said to



the rope, "Rope! rope! hang butcher! Butcher will not kill ox; ox will not drink water; water will not quench fire; fire will not burn stick; stick will not beat dog; dog will not bite pig, pig will not jump over stile; and I shall not get home to-night." But the rope would not.

She went on and she met a rat. She said to the rat, "Rat! rat! gnaw rope! Rope will not hang butcher; butcher will not kill ox; ox will not drink water; water will not quench fire; fire will not burn stick; stick will not beat dog; dog will not bite pig; pig will not jump over stile; and I shall not get home to-night." But the rat would not.

She went on and she met a cat. She said to the cat, "Cat! cat! catch rat! Rat will not gnaw rope; rope will not hang butcher; butcher will not kill ox; ox will not drink water; water will not



quench fire ; fire will not burn stick ; stick will not beat dog ; dog will not bite pig ; pig will not jump over stile ; and I shall not get home to-night."

Then the cat said to her, "If you will go to the cow and bring me some milk, I will catch the rat."

So the old woman went to the cow. But the cow said to her, "If you will go to the hay-stack and bring me some hay, I will give you some milk."

So the old woman went to the hay-stack and brought the hay to the cow. As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk. Then the old woman took the milk to the cat.

As soon as the cat had drunk the milk, she began to catch the rat ; the rat began to gnaw the

rope; the rope began to hang the butcher; the butcher began to kill the ox; the ox began to drink the water; the water began to quench the fire; the fire began to burn the stick; the stick began to beat the dog; the dog began to bite the pig, and the little pig jumped over the stile. And the old woman got home that night after all.

THE SONG OF THE ROBIN.

When the willows gleam along the brooks,
And the grass grows green in sunny nooks,
In the sunshine and the rain,
I hear the robin in the lane,
Singing, "Cheerily,
Cheer up, cheer up,
Cheerily, cheerily, cheer up."

THE MERRY BROWN THRUSH.

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree,

“He's singing to me! he's singing to me!”
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?

“Oh, the world's running over with joy!

Don't you hear? don't you see?

Hush! look! In my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be!”

And the brown thrush keeps singing, “A nest
do you see,

And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!

Now I'm glad! now I'm free!

And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me.”

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,

To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,

“Oh, the world's running over with joy!

But long it won't be,

Don't you know, don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be!”

LUCY LARCOM.

THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE.

Once upon a time a traveler was on his way home. As night came on he began to look about for a place to stay until morning. He saw before him a house as large and beautiful as a palace.

He thought to himself, "This will be a good place to stay over night." So he walked into the court-yard. There he saw an old man splitting wood. "Good evening, father," said the traveler. "May I stay over night in your house?"

"I am not the father of the house," answered the old man who was splitting wood. "Go into the house; you will find my father in the kitchen. He will tell you whether you may stay over night."

The traveler went into the house. He went into the kitchen and there he found an old man, much older than the one who was splitting wood in the court-yard. He was making a fire.

"Good evening, father," said the traveler. "May I stay over night in your house?"

"I am not the father of the house," answered the old man who was making the fire. "Go into the next room and you will find my father. He is sitting at the table reading. He will tell you whether you may stay over night."

The traveler went into the next room.

There he saw a very old man, much older than the one who was making the fire in the kitchen.

The old man was sitting at the table reading from a book. "Good evening, father," said the traveler. "May I stay over night in your house?"

"I am not the father of the house," answered the old man who was sitting at the table reading. "My father is over there, sitting in the chair. He will tell you whether you may stay over night."

The traveler went over to the chair in which sat a little old man.

"Good evening, father," said the traveler to the little old man in the chair. "May I stay over night in your house?"

"I am not the father of the house," answered the little old man. "My father is on the bed in there in the sleeping-room. He will tell you whether you may stay over night."

The traveler went into the sleeping-room. On the bed lay a very little old man. His two great eyes were wide open.

"Good evening, father," said the traveler to the very little old man with the great eyes. "May I stay over night in your house?"

"I am not the father of the house," said the very little old man with the great eyes.

"My father is there in the cradle. He will tell you whether you may stay over night."

The traveler went to the cradle. There lay a very little, very old man. He was no bigger than a baby.

"Good evening, father," said the traveler to the very little, very old man who lay in the cradle. "May I stay over night in your house?"

Very, very low came the answer.

"I am not the father of the house. My father is over there in the horn upon the wall. He will tell you whether you may stay over night."

The traveler went over to the horn upon the wall. In it he saw a very, very little, very, very old man.

"Good evening, father," said the traveler to the very, very little, very, very old man in the horn. "May I stay over night in your house?"

Very, very low came the answer.

"Yes, my child."

The traveler was very glad. He found good things to eat, a good fire at which to warm himself, and a good bed in which to sleep—all, because he had at last found the right father of the house.

LOVE.

Whom do I love? you ask of me.
Father and mother,
Sister and brother,
Every one is loved by me;
Of love to me they've given such store,
I must love them ever more and more.

Whom do I love? you ask of me.
Him I can see not,
Stranger to me not,
God in heaven is loved by me;
His love to me was given before
I knew Him, to love Him more and more.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THE THREE SLEEPERS.

Bonn is a beautiful old city on the river Rhine. It is now a large city, but it was once very small.

Once there were three men in Bonn. The three men were quite young, and they were very lazy. They wished to do nothing but sleep.

"Oh," said the first young man, "I am so sleepy. I must go to sleep."

"Oh," said the second young man, "I, too, am sleepy. I must go to sleep."

"Oh," said the third young man, "I, too, am sleepy. I must go to sleep."

Then the first young man said, "I am so sorry that I cannot sleep all the time."

"Yes," said the second young man, "it is too bad. I should like to go to sleep and never wake up."

"Yes," said the third young man, "I, too, should like to go to sleep and never wake up."

The city of Bonn was a very quiet city, but it was not quiet enough for the three sleepy young men.

The first said, "The city is not quiet enough. I cannot sleep here."

"No," said the second, "the city is not quiet enough. I cannot sleep enough here."

"The city is not quiet enough," said the third.
"I cannot get enough sleep here."

Then the first said, "My father, my mother, my brother, and my sister always wake me up too soon. I will not stay here. I will go away."

"My father, my mother, my brother, and my sister always wake me up too soon," said the second. "I will not stay here. I will go away."

And the third young man said, "My parents always wake me up too soon also. I will not stay here. I will go away."

"Where shall we go?" asked the first young man. "Where can we find a good, quiet place, where we can have a long, long sleep?"

"I know," said the second, "I know a good, quiet place, a cave not far from here, where we can sleep in peace."

"That is very good," said the third. "Let us go soon, and there we can have quiet, and sleep as long as we wish."

The three young men went out of the city to the cave. It was a large cave, and all about it was so quiet and still, that the young men were greatly pleased.

"Here is a good, quiet place," said the first, "where we can have peace, and sleep as long as we wish."

"I am glad," said the second, "that we have found this place. Everything here is so quiet. We three can sleep now, for here our parents cannot wake us."

"Yes," said the third, "it is so quiet here, that we can have a long, long sleep. Our bad brothers and sisters will not come here to wake us up. I am so glad, we have found this beautiful place."

The three young men lay down in the cave. The first young man shut his eyes, and was soon fast asleep.

The second young man shut his eyes, and very soon he was also fast asleep.

The third young man shut his eyes, and in a little while he was also fast asleep.

So the three young men slept a long, long time. They slept a year. They slept one, two, three, four, five, six years; for everything was quiet.

At last the seventh year came. The first young man heard a noise. He slowly opened his eyes and said very, very slowly, "I hear a cow."

Then he shut his eyes again and slept on. The others slept quietly and did not wake. So they slept again, one, two, three, four five six years. Again the seventh year came.

Then the second young man opened his eyes very slowly, and said also very slowly, "No, that was not a cow; it was an ox."

Then he shut his eyes again and slept on. Everything was quiet, and so the three young men slept in peace.

They slept again, one, two, three, four, five, six years. When the seventh year came the third young man opened his eyes and said very, very slowly, "What cow? What ox?"

That was all. Then he shut his eyes again and slept on.

The three young men are yet asleep in the cave near the city of Bonn. One after the other wakes every seven years and says something; but what they say is not very interesting, for sleepy young men cannot say interesting things.

THE LITTLE ANGEL.

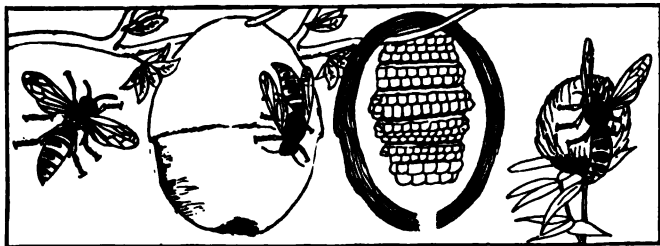
Right into our house one day,
A dear little angel came ;
I ran to him and said softly,
“ Little angel, what is your name ? ”

He said not a word in answer,
But smiled a beautiful smile ;
Then I said, “ May I go home with you ?
Shall you go in a little while ? ”

But Mama said, “ Dear little angel,
Don't leave us ; oh, always stay !
We will all of us love you dearly ;
Sweet angel, oh, *don't* go away ! ”

So he stayed and he stayed, and we love him,
As we could not have loved another.
Do you want to know what his name is ?
His name is—*my little brother !*

—ELIZABETH PRENTISS.



WASPS.

“Whoever loves wasps need not fear them; whoever does not had better keep away.” This is what we are told by one who knows.

Most children do not love wasps, because they do not know about them and about the wonderful work they do.

Do you know how many eyes a wasp has? Do you know that besides the two eyes on the sides of his head, like Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes, he has eyes in the middle of his forehead, only he has three eyes there instead of one?

Do you know that the wasp can tell colors? A lady put a piece of red paper over the door of a hornet's house (the hornet is one kind of wasp) and for a long time the wasps would not go in; but after a while they got used to the red door-way. Then she put in its place a piece of blue paper. When the wasps came back, as before they would

not go in for a time ; but they soon got used to the blue door-way, and when this was taken away they could not find the house at once.

Wasps have no ears and no noses ; and yet they hear and smell. They do these things with the wonderful feelers which grow out from the head between the eyes. With these feelers they speak to one another when they meet.

Wasps eat nectar which they find in flowers. As they go from flower to flower, they carry the pollen with them, and in this way help the flowers to ripen their seed.

Wasps also like the juice of fruits. Have you never found an apple or a pear that the wasps had been eating ? They are also very fond of flies and raw meat, and in catching flies and destroying rotting meat they do a great deal of good.

Wasps are very brave and are never afraid to fight for their homes. It seems sometimes as though they were too willing to fight.

Once in India they got into the storehouses where the British Army kept its sugar ; and none of all the army dared go into the buildings until fall, when the wasps died, as do all wasps but the queens.

Then it was found that they had eaten nearly three thousand pounds of sugar. The sting of

one wasp is not much to be feared, but a thousand of them might kill a man.

You know that much of the paper we use is made from wood. But the wasp knew how to make paper from wood long before man did.

You have seen the large hornets' nests made of paper, but have you ever seen the hornet gnawing the wood? She fills her mouth with wood, and then mixes it with the juices of her mouth until she has made it into paper.

The paper makers live together in large numbers.

But some wasps are masons, and make their houses out of mud instead of paper, and live alone or in pairs, as do the carpenter wasps and the miners.

The carpenters make their homes in logs or boards, cutting out holes large enough for them to live in; and the miners dig holes in the ground, often two feet deep.

After a miner's house is ready, she catches a large fly or grasshopper, kills it, and carries it into her house, where she leaves it as food for the young wasp, which is to come from the egg that she lays beside or upon the fly. Then she closes the door of her house and goes away.

People used to think that we could tell about

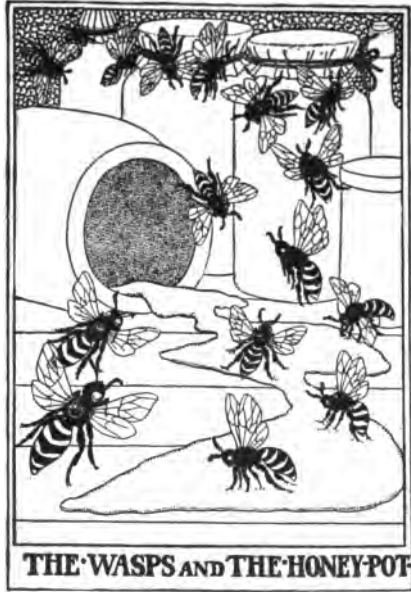
the coming winter from the nest that the hornet built in summer.

If hornets build low,
Winter storms and snow;
If hornets build high,
Winter mild and dry.

Perhaps these people did not know that the hornet's nest is built for summer only.



THE WASPS AND THE HONEY POT.



Some wasps found a honey-pot that had been tipped over. They filled themselves with the honey. But when they had eaten enough and would fly away they could not, for they were stuck fast in honey.

—AESOP.

Honey is sweet, but life is sweeter.

THE WIND.

I am the wind,
And I come very fast ;
Through the tall wood
I blow a loud blast.

Sometimes I am soft
As a sweet, gentle child ;
I play with the flowers,
Am quiet and mild ;

And then out so loud
All at once I can roar ;
If you wish to be quiet,
Close window and door.

I am the wind,
And I come very fast ;
Through the tall wood
I blow a loud blast.

THE SQUIRREL THAT CAME BACK.

A man caught a squirrel in the woods and brought it home. As he had no cage, he put the squirrel into a trap used for catching rats. The squirrel stayed in this for many weeks and began to feel very much at home.

Day after day the trap was placed beside an open window through which the squirrel could see the fields and woods. One day the squirrel got out and ran off to the woods. When the man found this out, he was very sorry, for he had grown to love his pet. But there was no help for it.

Before night it began to rain, and the man went to close the window and put the trap away.

To his great surprise he found the squirrel had come back and was in the trap, all wet and cold from the rain.



THE ACORN AND THE PUMPKIN.

A country boy thought that God had made a mistake in having large pumpkins grow upon small vines, while small acorns grew upon great oak-trees. "If I had made the world," said he, "I would have done it better." Tired out by these great thoughts, he lay down in the shade of an oak tree and went to sleep. A blow upon his head woke him. He found a lump upon his forehead, where an acorn had fallen from the oak tree and hit him. "God's ways are good," said he, "for I would have been killed, if acorns were half as large as pumpkins."

LA FONTAINE.

NORTH WIND.

The north wind doth blow,
 And we shall have snow,
 And what will the robin do then?
 Poor thing!

He will sit in the barn,
 And to keep himself warm,
 Will hide his head under his wing,
 Poor thing!

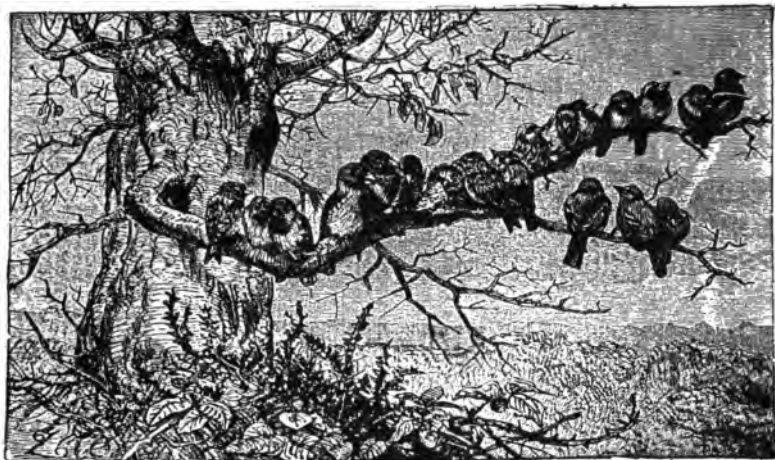
The north wind doth blow,
 And we shall have snow,
 And what will the swallow do then?
 Poor thing!



Oh, do you not know,
He's gone long ago
To a country much warmer than this?
Poor thing!

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the honey-bee do?
Poor thing!

In his hive he will stay,
Till the snow's gone away,
And then he'll come out in the
spring,
Poor thing!



NINETEEN BIRDS.

Nineteen birds and one bird more,
Just make twenty and that's a score.

To the score then add but one,
That will make just twenty-one.

Now add two, and you will see
You have made up twenty-three.

If you like these clever tricks,
Add three more for twenty-six.

Then three more if you have time,
Now you've got just twenty-nine

Twenty-nine now quickly take,
Add one more and thirty make.

COLUMBUS.

A little more than four hundred years ago travelers returned to Europe from India bringing with them spices, silks, and gems, and telling wonderful stories of the riches of that part of the world.



If it were not for the long, long journey, everybody could become rich. But to go from Europe to India in those days was a greater undertaking than to go around the world to-day.

Then people thought that the world was flat, and that if you traveled far enough you would reach the edge and tumble off.

But Columbus did not believe that the world was flat like a board; he felt sure that it was round like a ball and that no matter how far you traveled you could not fall off.

In going from Europe to India, travelers went east. Columbus thought they could get there much more quickly by going west, and that they could go by water all the way.

He was sure that he was right and that he had found an easy way to get at the riches of India. But he could not try it himself, for he was poor; and for a long time he could get no one to believe that he was right.

At last the queen of Spain gave him three ships, and with these he sailed off to the west. He found the earth much larger than he thought. He had told the sailors that in a very few weeks they would reach India. When week after week went by until nearly ten were gone without sight of land, they became frightened and wanted to turn back, but Columbus would not do so. They were afraid that soon they would come to the edge of the world and tumble off. So they planned to throw Columbus overboard and go back alone. They might have done this, if they had not come in sight of land the very next day.

This land was an island off the coast of America; but Columbus thought that it was a part of India, and so he called the people, whom he found upon it, Indians.

Columbus and his men returned to Europe. He found people willing to listen to him now; but he died without knowing what a great discovery he had made.

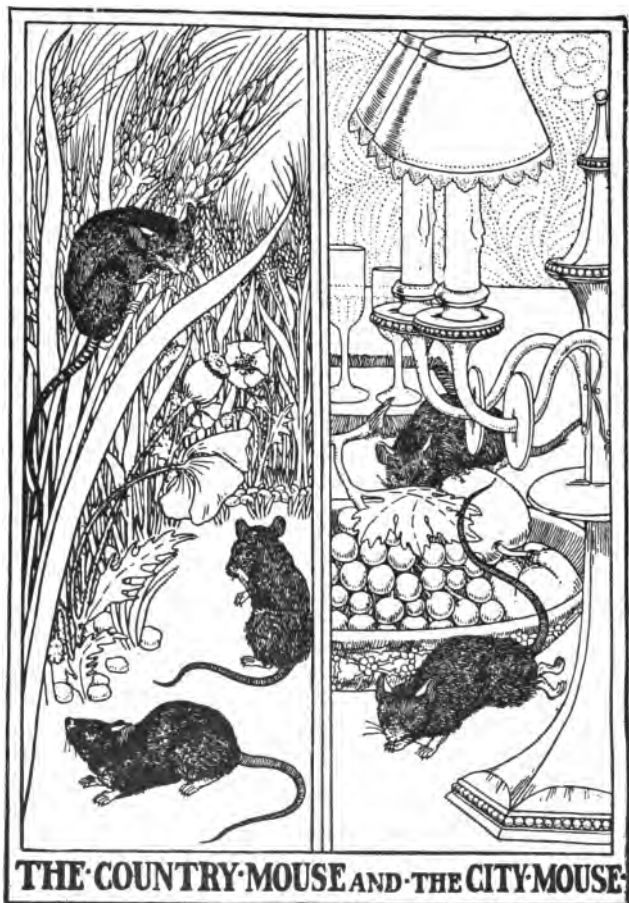
THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THE CITY MOUSE.

A very fine mouse from the city went to see a friend, a country mouse.

The country mouse did everything he could to help his friend from the city to have a good time. He brought out for him to eat from food he had laid aside, some oatmeal; some pieces of cheese; a piece of bacon; and for dessert, a fine apple core. The country mouse did not eat any of these things himself, for fear his city friend would not have enough.

At last the city mouse asked, "How can you bear to live in this old hole here with nothing but woods and meadows and rivers about you? Come to the city with me where you can be happy and enjoy yourself."

After a time the country mouse made up his mind to go with his friend to the city. They went the next day, and at night made their way into a great house where the people had been having a feast. The country mouse found himself in a beautiful room with nice things to eat of every kind. He and his friend tasted first this and then that. They were greatly enjoying themselves, when all at once the door opened and the mice had to run for their lives. The country mouse was



ready to die with fear; for through the open door he heard the great dogs barking.

But soon the house was quiet again, and the country mouse said to his city friend, "If this is your city life much good may it do you; but I want none of it. Give me my poor, quiet hole in the country again, where I can live without fear."

ÆSOP.

LULLABY.

Fainter, fainter grows the light,
Sing—but sweet and low;
Baby Bright will sleep to-night
Where the dream winds blow.

Faintly, faintly toll the bells,
Ringing clear and low;
Baby dwells in fairy dells,
Where sweet flowers grow.

Gently, gently lay him down,
Sing—but soft and low;
Baby's gone to Sleepy Town,
Where drowsy waters flow.

WHO LOVES THE TREES BEST?

Who loves the trees best?

“I,” said the Spring,
“Their leaves so beautiful
To them I bring.”

Who loves the trees best?”

“I,” Summer said,
“I give them blossoms,
White, yellow, red,”

Who loves the trees best?

“I,” said the Fall,
“I give luscious fruits,
Bright tints to all.”

Who loves the trees best?

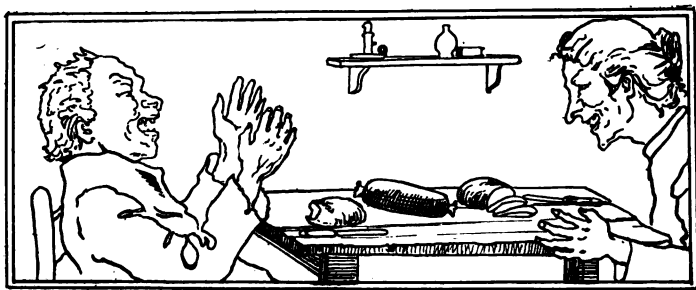
“I love them best,”
Harsh Winter answered,
“I give them rest.”

THE FOOLISH WISHES.

Long ago there lived a man who was very poor. He lived with his wife in a little hut in the woods. Every morning he went into the forest to cut wood. Every day he said to himself, "How poor I am ! I work all day cutting wood and yet cannot get enough to eat. Yes, I am very poor and very unhappy."

One day as he said this, he saw before him a fairy. The fairy said to him, "I have heard all you have said. I know how poor you are, and I am sorry for you. I will give you three wishes. Wish what you please, and you will get it."

The poor wood-cutter, who had stood with his eyes upon the ground, looked up to thank the fairy ; but she was gone. He was alone in the forest, but he was no longer unhappy. He said to himself, "I will go home and see my wife about the three wishes the fairy has given me."



He went home and told his wife that he had seen a fairy in the forest and that she had given him three wishes. His wife was greatly pleased. She said, "Let us sit down and think what we shall wish for."

They sat down at the table. "Let us have something to eat," said the wood-cutter. "I am very hungry. We can talk about the wishes while we eat."

The poor wood-cutter and his wife sat down at the table and began to eat and to talk about what they should wish for.

"We can wish for great riches," said the man.

"We can ask for a beautiful house," said the woman.

"We can wish to be a king and a queen," said the wood-cutter.

"We can ask for gold and pearls and diamonds," said his wife.

So they talked on, but could not make up their minds what to wish for first. The man was very hungry, and, as he ate his dry bread, he thought how good a sausage would taste, and said without thinking, "I wish I had a nice sausage to eat with this dry bread." As he spoke a large sausage fell upon the table. The man and his wife looked at the sausage in great surprise.

Then his wife said, "You have been very foolish.

You have wished for nothing but a sausage. Now one wish is gone, and we have only two left."

"Yes," said the man, "I have been foolish, but we have two wishes left. We can still ask for great riches and to be a king and queen."

"Yes," said his wife, "we can ask for great riches and to be a king and a queen, but we cannot ask for gold and for pearls and diamonds. Why were you so foolish to ask for nothing but a sausage? I never would have done that! Would you rather have a sausage than gold and pearls and diamonds? You are very, very foolish!"

So his wife went on finding fault, until the poor man became angry and cried out without thinking what he said, "I wish the sausage was hanging from the end of your nose!"

He had hardly spoken the words before the sausage was hanging from the end of his wife's nose. She could not pull it off. It seemed to have grown on and to have become a part of her.

Then she began to cry, and said to the wood-cutter, "Oh, how very, very foolish you are! First you wished for a sausage, and now you have wished that it was hanging from the end of my nose. Two wishes are gone. We have only one left."

"Yes," said the man, "but we can wish to be a king and queen."

"Yes, we can wish to be a king and a queen," said the woman, "but I shall have this sausage hanging from the end of my nose. How I look! How would a queen look with such a nose? I would rather be the wife of a poor wood-cutter and have my own nose, than be a queen with this one. It is all your fault!"



"Well," said the man, "I am sorry. I wish the sausage was not there." He had hardly spoken when the sausage was gone. But the three wishes were also gone, and the wood-cutter and his wife were as poor as ever.

Every day when he went into the forest to cut wood he would say, "How poor I am! How unhappy I am!" but he never saw the fairy again. He had had his three wishes, but he had not got great riches, nor had he become a king, nor got gold and pearls and diamonds; he had not even eaten the sausage with his dry bread.



FORGET-ME-NOT.

There blooms a lovely flower
The fields and grass-lands through ;
Its eye is like the heavens,
It is so clear and blue.

It knows not much of language,
It speaks what God has taught,
The only words it utters
Are these, " Forget-me-not."

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE ASS EATING THISTLES.

An ass was carrying food and drink to his



master and the men who were at work in the fields.

On the way, he came upon a fine large thistle, and being very hungry, he began to eat it.

While he was eating it, he said to himself, "How many would think themselves happy

with such dainties as I carry upon my back! But to me this bitter prickly thistle tastes better than would their finest feast."

—ÆSOP.

One man's food is another man's poison.

THE WAY FOR BILLY AND ME.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

—JAMES HOGG

THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA.



here was once a prince. He wanted to marry a princess, but she must be a real princess. He went about all over the world to find one, but there was always something wrong. There were princesses enough ;



but whether they were real princesses, he could not tell. There was always something about them that did not seem quite right. So he came home again and was very sad because he wanted so much to have a real princess.

One evening a storm came on. It lightened and thundered, and the rain came down in streams ; it was a terrible night. All at once there was a knock at the town gate, and the old king himself went to open it. A princess stood outside the gate. But what a sight she was from the wind and rain. The water ran down from her hair and clothes ; it ran



in at the toes of her shoes and out at the heels ; but she said that she was a real princess.

“ Well, we shall soon see if this is true,” thought the queen ; but she said nothing.

She went into the bedroom, took off all the bed-clothes and put a pea upon the bed ; then she took twenty mattresses and laid them on top of the pea, and then twenty feather-beds on top of the

mattresses. On this the princess had to lie that night.

In the morning they asked her how she had slept. "Oh, not well at all," said the princess, "I have not shut my eyes all night long. Goodness knows what was in my bed. I lay upon something hard so that I am black and blue all over. It was terrible."



Then they knew that she must be a real princess because she had felt the pea through twenty mattresses and twenty feather-beds. No one but a real princess could do that. So the prince took her for his wife; for now he knew that he had found a real princess.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.



BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS.

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas ;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please ;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THE FOX AND THE STORK.

The fox and the stork were very good friends.



The fox invited his friend to dine with him. The stork was glad to do so. The fox brought in soup in a very shallow dish and invited his friend to help herself.

The fox began to lap up the soup as he could easily do; but the stork with her long bill was unable to drink any of it.

The stork took it in good part, and said the fox must dine with her, which the fox at last agreed to do.

She also brought in soup, but in a long-necked glass, and invited her friend to help himself. The stork with her long bill could drink it easily; but the fox went hungry.

So the stork gave tit for tat.

THE NEW MOON.

Dear mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night !
She was never so pretty before ;
Her two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there,
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see ;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends ;
Oh, what a bright cradle 't would be !

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam ;
We would see the sun set,
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

—ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

THE FROGS DESIRING A KING.



Long ago there were many more frogs in the brooks and ponds than there are now. Then they thought they could not live without a king. So they sent to their god, Jupiter, and asked him to give them a king. They did this not that they might live better, but because they felt so proud. So Jupiter dropped

them down a log for a king.

When this fell with a great splash into the water, it so frightened the frogs that they all dove down out of sight. After a while a frog bolder than the others put up his head and looked about him. As he saw nothing to be frightened at, he called the other frogs and before long some of the boldest were sitting upon the log. "This is no kind of a king," said one. "Let us ask Jupiter for another."

with its pollen ; she flies to another flower, and in going into it leaves some of the pollen which she brought with her. In this way bees do a wonderful work.

Cucumbers are grown in winter in hot-houses ; but very few blossoms would ripen into cucumbers, if it were not for the swarm of bees which is kept in the hot-house. Many of our finest flowers and fruits could not grow without help from the bees.



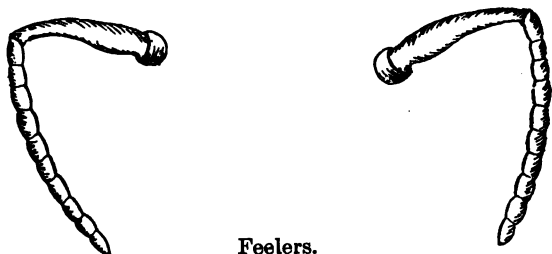
In every hive of bees, there are a number of drones who do no work, a very large number of workers, and a queen. The queen lays all the eggs from which the young bees are hatched. She never leaves the hive but once, unless the hive becomes too full. If this happens she goes out with the



Drone.

old bees to seek a new home and leaves the hive to the young ones.

The worker-bee has a very wonderful tongue which, when not in use, she carries folded back under her head. She has twelve thousand six hundred and three eyes; three eyes are small and are on the top of her head, while on the sides of her head are two large eyes, each one of which is made up of six thousand three hundred small ones. She

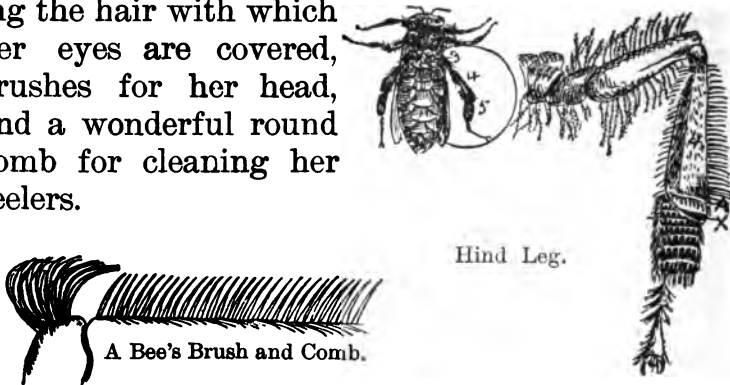


Feelers.

has two feelers with which she can hear and smell and speak to other bees when she meets them. She has pockets on the under side of her body for holding wax. When she wishes to make wax, she eats all the honey she can, then goes to the top of the hive, hangs by her front legs, and sleeps until the honey she has eaten has changed to wax and her wax-pockets are full.

She has six legs. On her hind legs, she has baskets for carrying pollen and brushes for sweeping

it off the flowers into the baskets. On her middle legs, she has brushes for cleaning herself and a prong for digging the pollen out of the pollen baskets. On her front legs, she has combs for combing the hair with which her eyes are covered, brushes for her head, and a wonderful round comb for cleaning her feelers.



Hind Leg.

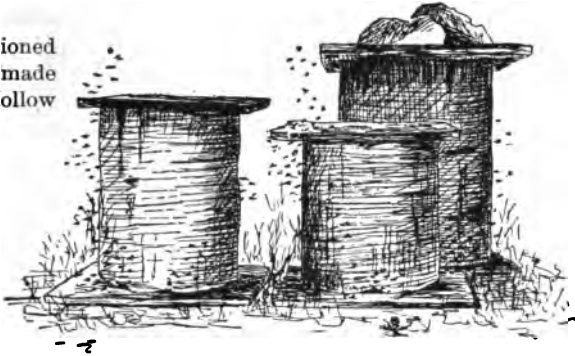
A Bee's Brush and Comb.

As most people know, she has a sting which she does not like to use ; for if she loses her sting she dies. This is why the queen-bee, who is the only bee in the hive who lays eggs, will not sting. Should she lose her sting and die, very soon there would be no live bees in the hive ; for bees, except the queen, live only a very few months, and there would be no young bees to take their places.

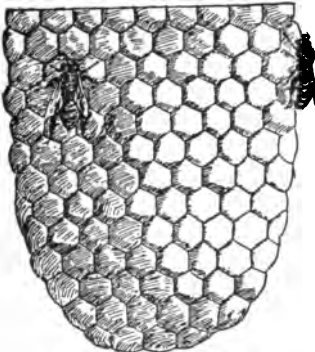
The bee makes honey, wax, and bee-bread, which is made from pollen and honey and fed to the young bees by the nurses. The bee also makes varnish with which to make the hive tight and to shut out

the light. Bees that are put in glass hives sometimes cover the inside of the glass all over with this varnish.

Old-fashioned
Hives made
from Hollow
Trees.



The bee knows how to shape her cells so as to get the largest number possible in any space. She knows how to fly to the hive, from wherever she is, in almost a straight line. Bees know that they need fresh air in the hive, and on hot days a few stand near the door fanning in the air with their wings. Bees learn to know their



Cells.

keeper and not to sting him when they would sting another.



THE BEE AND THE FLOWER.

The bee buzzed up in the heat.

“I am faint for your honey, my sweet.”

The flower said, “Take it, my dear,
For now is the spring of the year,

So come, come!”

“Hum!”

And the bee buzzed down from the heat.

And the bee buzzed up in the cold,
When the flower was withered and old.

“Have you still any honey, my dear?”

She said, “It’s the fall of the year,

But come, come!”

“Hum!”

And the bee buzzed off in the cold.

—TENNYSON.

AESOP ALPHABET.



A is for Aesop,
Who told many fables,
Fables that never will die.

B is the Boy
Who stayed by the river
To wait till the water ran by.

C is the Crow
Who thought she could sing
And dropped the cheese to the
Fox.





L is the Lion
 Who let the Mouse go
 And afterwards knew he did
 right.

M is the Monkey
 Who liked to eat chestnuts,
 When the Cat pulled them out of the fire.

N is the Nettle
 Which stung the boy's hand
 And taught him what nettles require.

O is the Oak,
 So proud of its strength,
 That fell ere the Reed in the blow.

P is the Pine,
Near which the Gourd grew,
That boasted how fast it could grow.

Q is the Quack,
The Frog, who could heal
The diseases of others so well.



R is the Raven
Who wished to be white,
And so with the swans went to
dwell.

S is the Sun
Whose rays were so warm,
The Traveler took off his wrap.



T is the Tail
Which belonged to the Fox,
The Tail which he left in the
trap.

U is the Unity,
The Old Man taught his Sons,
Without which they surely must fail.

V is the Vanity
Of the little Jackdaw
Who fine feathers stuck in his
tail.



W is the Wolf
Who without an excuse
The poor little lamb snatched.

X is the Ten

Or more Chickens, the Maid

Counted before they were hatched



Y is the Young Ones

In the nest in the wheat-field,

The mother Lark knew when to
quit.

Z is the Zest

With which the fables are read,

Charming all by their force and their wit.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD.

George Washington was born in Virginia, on February 22, 1732. The



house in which he was born was burned shortly after his birth; and his father, who was a rich planter, did not build again, but moved his family to another plantation which he owned on the banks of the Rappahannock River. Here George Washington's childhood was spent. He had five brothers and

two sisters. Lawrence, the oldest of these, did much to help George Washington grow up into a noble man.

George went to school in a little log school-house, which was called a "field school," because it was built in a field that was not worth planting. His teacher's name was Hobby. George was taught to read, to write, to spell, and to cipher. He was good in all but spelling.

One of his playmates was Richard Henry Lee, who grew up to be a famous man. When he

was nine years old, he wrote a letter to George Washington, who was about the same age. I think you can read it, but you will see that Richard Henry Lee could not spell "elephant" and that he did not begin his sentences with capital letters.

"RICHARD HENRY LEE TO GEORGE WASHINGTON :

"Pa brought me two pretty books full of pictures he got them in Alexandria they have pictures of dogs and cats and tigers and elephants and ever so many pretty things cousin bids me send you one of them it has a picture of an elephant and a little Indian boy on his back like uncle jo's sam pa says if I learn my tasks good he will let uncle jo bring me to see you will you ask your ma to let you come to see me.

"RICHARD HENRY LEE."

"GEORGE WASHINGTON TO RICHARD HENRY LEE :

"DEAR DICKEY I thank you very much for the pretty picture-book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures and I showed him all the pictures in it ; and I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back and would not let anybody touch his master's little son. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you, and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony Hero if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero. I have a little piece of poetry about the picture-book you gave me, but I mustn't tell you who wrote the poetry.

"G. W.'s compliments to R. H. L.,
And likes his book full well,
Henceforth will count him his friend,
And hopes many happy days he may spend.

"Your good friend,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"I am going to get a whip top soon, and you may see it and whip it."

In George Washington's letter, the sentences all begin with capitals, and none of the words are misspelled; for his mother corrected his mistakes and had him write the letter over again before he sent it.

When George was eleven years old, his father died and his brother Lawrence went to live at



Mount Vernon, which afterwards became George Washington's home, while George remained with his mother, who now became his teacher. She taught him to be orderly, to be honest, always

to speak the truth, and to be manly; and from her he learned that, "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

George was a large and strong boy. He lived much out of doors. He learned to ride when very young, and all his life he was fond of horses and horseback riding. While yet a boy, he felt that there was no horse, however wild, that he could not master. His mother had a fine colt that had never been ridden because he was so wild and fiery.

One morning George, with some of his boy friends, went to the field and, after much trouble, caught the colt and put a bridle upon him. George sprang upon his back. The colt dashed up and down the field trying to throw his rider; but George sat firm. At last the colt gave one mighty bound into the air and fell to the ground dead.

When the boys went back to the house to breakfast, George's mother asked if they had seen the colt and how he was looking. For a moment no one spoke; then George replied, "The colt is dead. I killed him." His mother was very sorry to lose the colt, but she said she was glad her son would speak the truth.

George could beat all his playmates at running, jumping, swimming, and wrestling. To-day

people point out the place where he threw a stone across the Rappahannock River, a thing no one else had ever done ; and they say he threw a stone to the top of the Natural Bridge, which is two hundred feet high.



His brother Lawrence had been to school in England, and had been a soldier in a war between England and Spain. He told George all about his life at sea and on board of an English man-of-war.

George was so delighted with what he heard, that he made up his mind to become a sailor. His clothes were all packed ready to go, but he gave it up because his mother wished it.

He went back to school and began to study surveying. When he had fitted himself for this work, his brother Lawrence took him to Mount Vernon to do some surveying for him. There he met an English gentleman, who liked him so much and was so pleased with his work that he sent him to survey a large tract of land which he owned about one hundred miles away in the wilderness.

George Washington, who was now sixteen years old, and another young man set off to do this work. All day they worked in the woods, shooting wild turkeys or other game for their food, cooking it on a forked stick over the camp-fire, and using a chip for a plate from which to eat it. At night they slept wrapped in their blankets before the fire.

At one time they came upon a band of Indians who had been upon the war-path. Their faces were painted, and they were having a war-dance around their great camp-fire.

They leaped and yelled and danced as if mad, while one of them pounded upon a drum made

by drawing a deer-skin over a pot half filled with water.

This wild life taught George Washington the ways of the woods and of the Indians, and fitted him, when a little older, to do great and brave deeds for his country.

GOODNESS.

Whatever any one does or says, I must be good ; just as if the gold, or the emerald, or the purple were always saying this, "Whatever any one else does, I must be emerald and keep my color."

MARCUS AURELIUS.

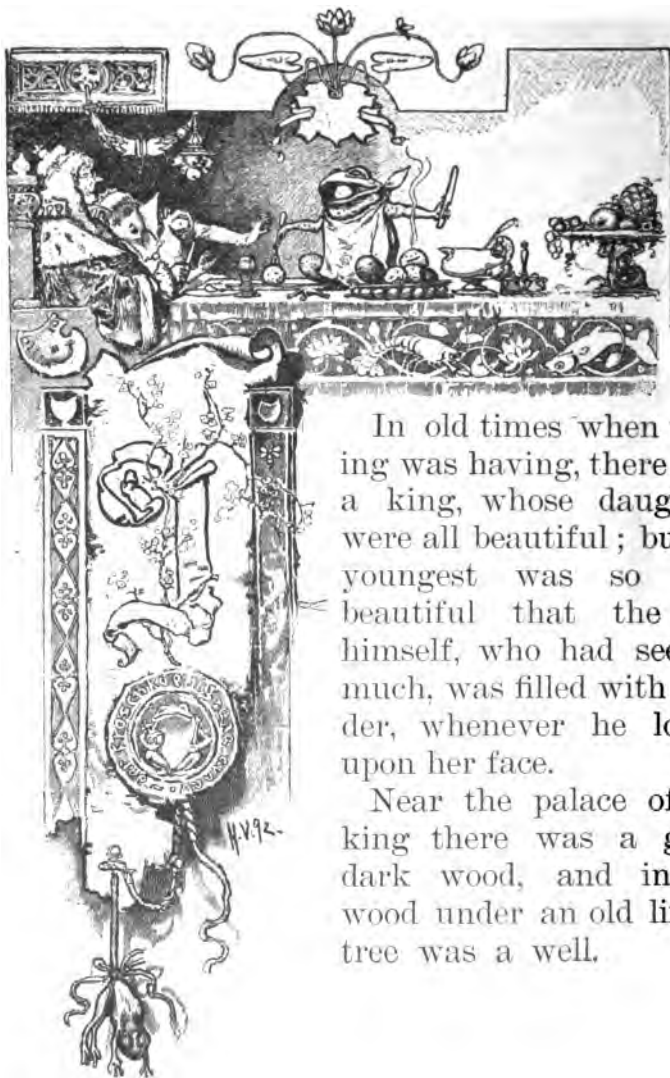
THE CAT AND THE CROWS.



A pair of crows built their nest in a tree near a house. At the house lived a cat who liked to catch birds. The crows were afraid for their young ones, and so the cat never came near the tree in which they had built their nest without the crows trying to drive her away. Battles between the cat and the crows took place every day.

One morning the battle was fiercer than ever, and the cat had to run under the hedge to get away from the crows. They watched her but could do nothing more. After a while one of them flew to the ground and came back to the tree above the hedge with as large a stone as she could carry in her bill. The cat crept along under the hedge; but the crow saw her and kept just above her by flying from tree to tree. At last the cat left the hedge and ran across the open toward the house. The crow flew after her, and when just over her, let the stone drop upon her back.

THE FROG PRINCE.



In old times when wishing was having, there lived a king, whose daughters were all beautiful; but the youngest was so very beautiful that the sun himself, who had seen so much, was filled with wonder, whenever he looked upon her face.

Near the palace of the king there was a great, dark wood, and in the wood under an old linden-tree was a well.

One day when it was very hot, the king's daughter went out into the wood and sat down by the side of the cool well. To pass the time, she took a golden ball and began to throw it up into the air and catch it as it came down. She liked this plaything best of all.

Now it happened one day that when she threw the golden ball into the air, it did not drop back into her hands but fell upon the ground and rolled into the well.

The king's daughter kept her eyes upon the ball, but it sank; and the well was so deep that no one could see the bottom. Then she began to cry, and cried louder and louder as if her heart would break. And as she cried, some one said to her, "Why do you weep, princess? Your

tears would melt a heart of stone." She looked around to see where the voice came from and saw a frog with his thick, ugly head above the water.





"Oh, is it you?" said she. "I weep because my golden ball has fallen into the well."

"Weep no more," said the frog. "I can help you; but what will you give me if I bring up your plaything again?"

"Whatever you wish, dear frog," said she; "my dresses, my pearls and jewels, or the golden crown I wear."

The frog answered, "Your dresses, your pearls and jewels, and your golden crown are not for me; but if you will love me, and let me go with you wherever you go, and play with you and sit by you at your little table, and eat from your little golden plate and drink out of your little cup, and sleep in your little bed,—if you will promise this, I will go down and get your golden ball."

"Oh, yes," said she, "I will promise you all you wish, if you will only get me my ball again."

But she thought to herself, "What a silly frog! He has to live in the water with others like himself. He cannot go where I go; he cannot play with me."

The frog, as soon as he had her promise, drew his head under the water and sank. After a while he came up again with the ball in his mouth; he threw it on the grass. The king's daughter was very glad to see her pretty plaything again; she took it up and ran away with it.

"Wait, wait," cried the frog; "take me with you. I can't run as fast as you can." But it did him no good to croak after her as loud as he could. She did not listen, but ran home and soon forgot the poor frog who had to jump back into the well again.

The next day, when the king's daughter was sitting at the table with the king and all the court and eating from her little golden plate, something came splish splash, splish splash, up the marble stairs; when it had got to the top, it knocked at the door and cried, "Youngest king's daughter, let me in!"

She ran to see who was there; but when she opened the door there sat the frog outside. She shut the door quickly, and sat down at the



table, feeling very uneasy. The king saw that her heart was beating hard and said, "My child, what are you afraid of? Is there a giant outside who wants to carry you away?"

"Oh, no," she answered, "it is no giant; it is an ugly frog."

"What does the frog want of you?"

"Oh, dear father, yesterday when I was sitting by the well in the wood and playing with my golden ball, it fell into the water. And because I cried so, the frog got it for me again; and I promised him, as he wished me to, that he should go with me wherever I went; but I never thought that he could come out of the water. Now he is outside the door and wants to come in to me."

Just then the frog knocked the second time and cried,

"Youngest king's daughter
Open the door;
Know you no more
What by the well water
You promised to me?
Youngest king's daughter
Open the door."

Then the king said, "What you have promised, you must do; go now and let him in."

She went and opened the door ; the frog hopped in, and then hopped along after her to her chair. Then he stopped and cried, "Take me up."

She did not like to, but at last the king said she must. As soon as the frog was on the chair, he jumped upon the table and said, "Now push your little golden plate nearer to me, so that we may both eat from it."

She did so, but anyone could see that she did not like it. The young frog ate as if he liked it, but every mouthful seemed to stick in the girl's throat. "I have eaten all I want," said the frog at last. "I am tired. Take me to your little room and make your little silken bed for me to sleep in."

Then the king's daughter began to weep, for she was afraid of the cold frog. She did not like to touch him, and now he must sleep in her pretty clean bed.

The king grew angry and said, "You should not treat in this way one who helped you when you were in trouble."

So she took the frog in her two fingers, carried him up-stairs, and put him in the corner of the room. When she was in bed, he came hopping up and said, "I am tired. I want to sleep as well as you. Take me up, or I will tell your father."

Then she was very angry ; and she took him up

and threw him with all her might against the wall. "Now will you keep still, you ugly frog?" she cried.

But as he fell he was no frog but a prince with beautiful and kind eyes. Then he told her how he had been changed to a frog by a wicked witch, and no one but herself could set him free, and that to-morrow they would go into his kingdom.

GRIMM.

THOUGH.

The sun is hid,
The skies are gray.
Let hearts be light
And spirits gay,
Though sun be hid
And skies be gray.

The task is hard,
And small the pay.
Let hearts be light
And spirits gay,
Though tasks be hard
And small the pay.

LITTLE KITTY.

Once there was a little kitty,
Whiter than snow;
In the barn she used to frolic,
Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro;
For she heard the kitty coming,
Long time ago.

Two black eyes had little kitty,
Black as a crow;
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little kitty,
All in a row;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Little mouse cried, "Oh!"
But she got away from kitty,
Long time ago.

THE BIRD AND THE CATS.



A lady had a tame bird of which she was very fond. She used to let it out of its cage for a little while every day.

One morning, as it was running about on the floor picking up crumbs, the cat seized it in her mouth and

jumped upon a table.

The lady thought that she had lost her bird and that the cat had killed it. But as she rose, she saw a strange cat just inside the door which had been left open. Then she knew why her cat had seized the bird.

She drove the strange cat out, and then her own cat jumped down from the table and dropped the bird unhurt.

• BIRDS.

Birds are everywhere, and every one may see them and study them. There are few living things more wonderful, and yet many people live all their lives among them and know but little about them.

Why are the birds of so many different colors? Does the color of a bird mean anything, or help the bird in any way? Why are most ground-birds brown or brownish?

The vireos live among the leaves, eating the caterpillars and worms, they find upon them. Why are the vireos greenish?

Flocks of snow-birds often come after a great snow-storm and feed upon the seed they find in weeds sticking above the snow. Why are these snow-birds white, with little touches of brown?

Owls, that hide during the day by sitting perfectly still on large limbs of trees, are brownish. Why is the owl, that comes with the snow-storm or after it, and that lives in the open, snow-covered fields, white?

The colors of birds hide them—a brown bird cannot be easily seen on the brownish sand or dirt, nor a greenish bird among the leaves, nor a white bird upon the snow.

Birds with breasts lighter in color than their backs cannot be seen so easily as those that are all of one color. An artist proved this by setting three potatoes upon wires a little above the ground in a ploughed field.

He painted the under parts of two of the potatoes almost white. When you stood some distance away, the two potatoes that he had painted disappeared from sight, while the other one could be plainly seen and seemed almost black.

It was seen because the part that was in shadow looked much darker than the ground. Painting this part white made it look from a distance like the rest of the potato and like the ground, and then it could not be seen. This is why so many birds have light breasts. It helps to hide them.

Birds are great travelers. Most of them come to us in the spring and leave us in the fall. Their summer and winter homes are often three thousand miles apart, as far as Columbus sailed when he discovered America.

Many birds make this journey by night. Have you never heard them whistle in the air above you just after dark some autumn evening?

Perhaps you have seen flocks of wild geese flying over in the day?

Perhaps some evening you have had a visit from a little bird on its journey. At such times birds often fly against lighted windows or into lighted rooms through open windows, and hundreds are killed every year by flying against great light-houses along the coast.

Did you know that the birds helped Columbus discover America? When the sailors grumbled, he might have had to turn back, if it had not been for the land-birds that came flying and singing about the ship in the morning, and flew away at night.

Columbus and the sailors knew these were land-birds, and they turned the ship about and followed them. The birds were taking the shortest way from one group of islands to another; and by following them Columbus reached land nearly a week sooner than he would have done, if he had kept on as he had been sailing.

He would not have been able to have kept his sailors sailing west for a week longer. So, you see, the birds traveling from their summer to their winter homes helped discover America.

Birds cannot talk, and yet they can say a great many things to each other. We are just beginning to find out how much they can say. But we all know that birds can sing, and some of them beautifully.

Birds are often named from their songs. What is the name of the bird that says, "Chick-a-dee-dee"? Of the one that says, "Whip-poor-will"? Of the one that says, "Chippy, chippy, chippy, chippy"? Of the one that says, "Phœbe"? Why is the quail sometimes called, "Bob White"?

People have always tried to put bird songs into words, and often, when we think of the words, the songs seem to sound just like them. Who has not heard the robin in the rain sing, "Cheerily, cheerily, cheer up, cheer up"? Who has not heard the oven-bird in the woods yell out, "*Teacher!* TEACHER! TEACHER"?

Listen to the brown-thrasher in the spring, and hear him tell the farmer, "Cover it up! cover it up! cover it up! Pick it up! pick it up! pick it up! Pull it up! pull it up! pull it up!"

There are many funny stories of men who, going through the woods at night, have told their names to the owls when they asked, "Who are you"?

The blue bird is said to have turned a bad man from robbery, and perhaps murder, early one morning by singing, "Purity, purity, purity," a song that the man had been taught to listen for, when a boy.

Watch the birds, listen to them, study them; so you will know and love them and grow to be better for it.

THE OLIVE TREE AND THE FIG TREE.

One winter day an olive tree, which keeps its green leaves all the year, made fun of a fig tree because its branches were bare.

The next day a heavy snow storm came on. The snow fell thick and fast. Very little snow stayed on the bare branches of the fig tree, but the leaves of the olive tree caught and held it until they were bent almost to the ground. Soon the weight of the snow was so great that many of the olive branches were broken. After this the olive tree never again made fun of the fig tree because it did not have leaves in winter.

THE EVENING WIND.

How softly sighs
Through evening skies
To flowers, the breeze—
Till each one lies
In restful ease;

Then says the breeze
To birds in trees
In forest deep,
“Good-night” to these—
Then—falls asleep.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE HORSE OF ANTIOCHUS.



Antiochus, the King of Syria, was killed in battle. He rode a horse which he dearly loved and which loved him in return.

As the King fell from his horse dead, his slayer leaped upon the horse's back. As if mad, the horse ran forward to the edge of a high precipice, doing it so quickly that his rider could not get off,

or was so taken by surprise that he did not think to do so. The horse reached the edge and leaped over the precipice with his rider still on his back. At the foot of the precipice, they were both found dead.

THE LOST DOLL.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world ;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled ;
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day ;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day ;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled ;
Yet, for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE WISE ELEPHANT.



Across a river in India, on one of the roads leading into the city of Delhi, is a small wooden bridge. A man, who lived outside the city, used to cross this bridge almost every day, as he rode into the city upon his elephant.

One day as the elephant came to the bridge, he stopped and would not cross. The man called to him to go on, but the elephant would not move. Then the man began to beat him. At last the elephant, slowly and with great care, put one foot upon the bridge and started to cross. He went on as if he were afraid of something.

All at once when he had nearly reached the middle of the bridge, it broke. The elephant with the man upon his back fell through into the water. The man was killed, and the elephant was badly hurt.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE TAILOR.



An elephant used to go to the river every day to drink. On his way, he went by a tailor's shop. The tailor liked the elephant and always had a bun or something to give him. So the elephant soon learned to stop at the tailor shop and stick his trunk in through the open window for his bun.

One day the tailor was not in the shop, but one of his men was at work in his place. The elephant, as he did every day, stuck his trunk in through the window, hoping to get something good; but the man had no bun for him, so he pricked the elephant's trunk with his sharp needle.

The elephant went on to the river and drank. Then he filled his trunk with muddy water. When he went back past the tailor's shop, he stuck his trunk in through the window again and threw the muddy water all over the man who had pricked him with the needle.

MYTHS.



People have always tried to explain the wonders about them ; and the way in which, thousands of years ago, they thought about many things, seems very strange to us now. From the Greeks, who lived nearly three thousand years ago, we have many stories which tell us how they explained things then. These stories are called myths.

To the Greeks everything seemed to be alive. The sun was the golden-haired God Apollo, who drove through the heavens in his chariot of fire ; the clouds were his cattle, feeding in the fields of

heaven ; the moon was the goddess Diana, a twin sister of Apollo, and rode through the heavens in



her car ; the earth was Ceres, the mother of all things, who mourned all the winter for her lost daughter Spring, who had been stolen from her and could only come back to spend a part of each year with her ; the sea was Neptune, the earth-shaker, who loved Ceres, or the earth ; the wind

was Mercury, who stole the cattle of the sun, or the clouds, and who invented music, the music made by the winds.

You have all seen the bright dew shining in the morning upon the grass, and you know how soon it is gone after the sun has risen. You also know that the dew has helped the trees and flowers to grow, or we might say, has been changed into trees and flowers. The Greeks explained this by the story of Daphne and Apollo, in which Daphne was the dew and Apollo was, of course, the sun.

Daphne was a very beautiful girl, the daughter

of a river god. Apollo met her in the forest, and at once he loved her. He wished to speak to her and teach her to love him. He went towards her, but before he could reach her, she fled. He ran after, calling out to her not to be afraid and that he would not harm her ; but she would not stop. So he ran faster and faster, until Daphne felt her strength going and saw that he must catch her. Then she turned aside and ran to her father's river, calling for help. But the only way her father could help her was to change her into a tree. As soon as her foot touched the water, bark grew about her, her arms became branches, her hands were filled with leaves ; and Apollo grasped not Daphne, but a laurel tree.

You have seen the sunflower and know that it keeps its face always turned towards the sun. This was explained by the story of Clytie.

Clytie was a beautiful young girl, who loved Apollo, and who sat in the fields all day looking at him as he rode through the heavens in his chariot. Day after day she sat and looked after him with longing eyes, but Apollo never seemed to see her. Every day she grew more and more unhappy, until the gods in pity changed her into a sunflower. But Clytie did not forget Apollo, and to this day she turns her face toward him, from morn till night, as he drives across the sky.

Sometimes in summer, when we have had little rain, there comes a very hot day, or many hot days one after the other. You know how then the grass and all green and growing things seem burned up and almost ready to die and that often after such days we have a thunder-storm. The Greeks explained all this by the story of Phaeton.



Phaeton was the son of Apollo. He lived upon the earth with his mother, who every morning would take him to see the rising sun and tell him that his father was just beginning his drive across the heavens. She told him a great deal about his father, how strong and beautiful he was; and Phaeton grew very proud to think that he was Apollo's son. At first he never spoke of it to his playmates; but one day as they were looking at the sun and thinking how wonderful it was, Phaeton told them that the sun-god was his father. They laughed at him, but the more they laughed, the more he declared that Apollo was his father.

"Prove it to us, or keep still," said one of the boys at last.

"I will prove it to you," said Phaeton ; and he ran home to his mother to ask her how to reach his father's palace in the east.

His mother told him how to get there, and bade him hurry so as to reach the palace before his father set out upon his journey to the west.

Phaeton traveled toward the east, until he came to the beautiful golden palace of the sun-god. Apollo saw him coming, and knew him. He was very glad to see his son, and asked him if there was anything he could do for him. Then Phaeton told his father what had happened, and that he wanted to prove to his playmates that he was Apollo's son.

His father promised that he would do anything that Phaeton wished to prove that he was indeed his son.

Then Phaeton asked that he might drive the sun-chariot that day, saying that then every one would know that he was the sun-god's son. His father was filled with fear, for no one but himself had ever driven the fiery horses which drew the chariot of the sun ; but he had given his promise, and the promise of a god must not be broken. He told Phaeton that he could not drive the sun-



horses, and begged him not to try it. But Phaeton thought that he knew more than his father, and asked him to keep his promise.

Very, very sadly Apollo led him to the chariot, where the horses were waiting. After putting something upon him to keep off the burning heat, and telling him to keep his eyes upon the horses and not to use the whip, the doors of the palace were opened—and away horses and chariot went.

For a while everything went well; but then Phaeton grew careless and drove faster and faster, until he lost his way and came so near the earth that the plants were burned, the rivers dried up, and the people on that part of the earth burned black—which is the color of all their children to this day.

When Jupiter, who was the greatest of all the gods, saw this, he was very angry ; and, seizing a thunder-bolt, he hurled it at Phaeton, who fell to the earth dead.

The Greeks made a great many myths, and so did all the peoples who lived thousands of years ago. Some of the most interesting myths are those made by the American Indians.

MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD.

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky :

So was it when my life began ;

So is it now I am a man ;

So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die !

The Child is father of the Man.

WORDSWORTH.

THE FOX WITHOUT A TAIL.



A fox was caught in a trap and could get away only by leaving his tail behind him. He was a sorry sight without a tail, and he wished he were dead, for he could never get another. For a long time he kept away from the other foxes; but one day he thought that perhaps he could get all the foxes to cut off their tails, and

then he would look like the others.

So he had them called together and told them that he had found his tail was of no use, but was really a great trouble to him, and so he had had it cut off. He wished them to notice how much better he looked and to believe him when he told them how much better he felt. He said he had called them together so that they might all know this and go and do the same as he had done.

When he was through speaking, an old fox said that it seemed to him that his friend, the fox without the tail, was thinking of the good of those who had no tails, and not of making those who had them look better, or feel better. "As for myself," said the old fox, "I shall keep my tail as long as I can."

And all the other foxes agreed with him.

AESOP.

O SAILOR, COME ASHORE.

O sailor, come ashore,

What have you brought for me?

Red coral, white coral,

Coral from the sea.

— did not dig it in the ground,

Nor pluck it from a tree ;

Feeble insects made it

In the stormy sea.

CHRISTINA ROSSETI.

WHAT THE MOON SAW.

"It was in a little country town," said the moon; "I saw it last year, but that is no matter, I saw it so well. A man who leads a dancing bear about was sitting in an inn, eating his supper. The bear was tied outside to a log. Poor bear! he never would hurt anyone, though he looked so fierce."

"In the attic of the house, three little children were playing in my bright light. The eldest was about six years old; the youngest was not more than two. Pit, pat, pit, pat, there was someone coming up the stairs, who could it be?"

"The door flew open, and there was the big shaggy bear. He was tired of staying down in the yard, and had found his way up into the attic. I saw it all," said the moon.

"The children were very much frightened when they first saw the big shaggy bear, and they tried to hide themselves in the corners of the room.

The bear found them and rubbed his nose against them, but he did not hurt them.

Then they thought he was a big dog and began to pat him.

He lay down on the floor and the smallest boy rolled about on top of him and tried to hide his golden curls in the bear's long black fur."



"Then the biggest boy took his drum and played upon it as hard as ever he could; as soon as he heard the drum, the bear got up on his hind legs and danced. That was fun to see! Each boy took his gun and gave the bear one too; he held his as tight as any soldier. This was a fine playmate! Up and down they marched—one, two—one, two."

"Just then some one opened the door; it was the mother of the children. You should have seen her! She could not move or speak, her face was white as a sheet, her mouth open, and her eyes seemed starting from her head. The smallest boy was laughing, he was so pleased. When he saw his mother he cried out, 'Mother, we are playing soldier.' And then the bear leader came in."

HOW THE COON FISHES.



The coon is found in nearly all parts of the United States. It lives only in North and South America. Most of its food comes from rivers and ponds and from the seashore, but it is also very fond of corn and sugar-cane and sometimes even goes into the hen-coop, when very hungry. It always dips its food in water before eating it. It is very fond of crabs and shell-fish.

A coon, called the crab-eating coon, is found in South America. It is a little larger than our common coon. It shows great cunning in catching crabs. The coon stands beside the water and lets his tail hang over so as to reach down into the water. The crab sees the tail, thinks it is something to eat, and takes hold of it. Then the coon jerks his tail out of the water with the crab hanging to it. He takes the crab a little ways from the water, eats it, and then goes back to fish again.

The coon is easily tamed and makes a very fine pet.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Franklin was born on Sunday morning, January 17, 1706, in a little wooden house opposite the Old South Church on Milk street, Boston. On that Sunday afternoon the baby was taken to church to be baptized, and in the records of the Old South Church one may read this entry, "Benjamin, son of Josiah Franklin and Abiah his wife."



On the site of the house there stands to-day a high, iron office-building. On the front of the building is a bust of the great American, underneath which are the words, "Birthplace of Franklin."

His father was a soap and candle maker, who found it difficult to earn enough to support his family of sixteen children, of whom Benjamin was the youngest son.

So Benjamin had to leave school when he was ten years old and go to work in his father's soap-factory. Benjamin did not like this, for he was very fond of the sea and wanted to be a sailor.

Who would have thought that this boy, taken from school when only ten years of age and put to work, much against his wish, in a soap and candle factory, would grow up to be one of the greatest and most useful of Americans? Anyone would have thought so, who knew as much about the boy



as we know about him now.

We know that he had a strong and healthy body ; he could swim like a duck, and row a boat as well as a man ; he could do a great deal of hard work, more than most boys of his age. He was industrious, he liked to work ; and, even when he had to do work that he did not really enjoy, he always did it just as well as he could. In his father's soap-factory, he worked so hard and took so much pains with his work, that one would have thought he really liked it.

He wanted to learn, and to know things. He studied whenever he got a chance ; and sometimes he stayed awake nearly all night to read a book

which he had borrowed and had to return the next day. He saved his spending money and bought books with it. While working in his brother's printing-office after leaving the soap-factory, he agreed to eat only half as much during the week, if he could have the money thus saved to buy books. He learned much from books, but he tried to learn also in other ways, from people, and from everything about him.

Once, after he grew to be a man, he asked the lightning a question, which no one else had ever asked, and learned something which no one else knew, and which made him famous. People were talking about electricity and studying it, but as yet they knew little about it.



Benjamin Franklin thought that lightning and electricity were the same. So he went out in a thunder shower to fly a kite; at the end of the kite-string, he fastened a key; to the key, he tied a piece of silk cord, which he held in his hand. If the lightning came down the kite-string to the key, it could go no further; for electricity will not pass along silk cord. After his kite had risen, he placed his hand near the key; and, when sparks shot out from it, he knew that lightning and electricity were the same.

He was brave and manly, not proud, and never wished to seem to be something that he was not. His father had bound him as an apprentice to his brother. Until he was twenty-one years old, Benjamin was to work in his brother's printing-office, and was to be paid only for the last year. But his brother treated him so badly, that he ran away to Philadelphia, when he was about seventeen years of age.

When he reached Philadelphia, he had but little money and was very hungry. He stopped at the first baker's shop and bought three large loaves of bread. He put one under each arm and went up the street eating the other. On his way, he passed a young lady standing in the door of her father's house.



She thought he looked very funny and she could not help laughing at him. Little did she think that not many years after, she should become the wife of this poorly-dressed hungry, young man at whom she was laughing.

A boy who is strong and healthy ; who is not afraid of work ; who tries to do everything well ; who is willing to give up pleasures that he may study and know about things ; who is brave and manly ; who is not proud ; who never wishes to seem to be something that he is not—such a boy must grow to be a great and useful man.

All boys may not have the chance to do as much for their country as Benjamin Franklin did, but all may grow up to be as great and as good.

THE CHILD AND THE PIPER.

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me,—

“Pipe a song about a lamb :”
So I piped with merry cheer ;
“Piper, pipe that song again :”
So I piped ; he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer :”
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read.”
So he vanished from my sight ;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

DIAMONDS AND TOADS.

There was, once upon a time, a widow who had two daughters. The eldest was so like the mother that whoever looked upon the daughter saw the mother. They were both so disagreeable and so proud that no one could live with them.

The youngest was like her father, and was one of the sweetest and most beautiful girls ever seen.

As people love those who are like themselves, the mother dearly loved her eldest daughter, and at the same time hated the youngest. She made her sit in the kitchen and work all the time.

Among other things, this poor child had to go twice a day to a well a mile and a half from the house to get a pitcher full of water. One day as she was at this well, there came to her a poor woman who begged of her to let her drink. "Oh, yes, with all my heart, good woman," said the pretty girl ; and she drew up some water from the well and gave it to her, holding up the pitcher all the while that she might drink the more easily.

The good woman, after drinking, said to her, " You are so pretty, so good, and so kind, that I cannot help giving you a gift "—for this was a fairy who had taken the form of a poor country woman to see how far the kindness of this pretty

girl would go. "I will give you for a gift," said the fairy, "that at every word you speak there shall come out of your mouth a flower or a jewel."

When the pretty girl came home, her mother found fault with her for staying so long at the well. "I beg your pardon, mother," said the poor girl, "for staying so long ;" and in speaking these words, there came out of her mouth two roses, two pearls, and several diamonds. "What is it I see there?" cried her mother in great surprise; "I think that these pearls and diamonds came out of your mouth! How is this, my child?" This was the first time she ever called her her child.

The poor girl told her all that had happened, but not without dropping out a great many diamonds. "Surely," said the mother, "I must send my child to the well. Look, child, see what comes out of your sister's mouth when she speaks! Would you not be glad to have the same gift? You have but to go to the well to draw water, and when a poor woman asks you for a drink, to give it to her kindly."

"It would be a very fine sight," said the disagreeable and proud girl, "to see me go to the well to draw water."

"I want you to go," said the mother, "and to go now."

So away she went, but grumbling all the way. She took with her the best silver pitcher in the house. She was no sooner at the well than she saw coming out of the wood a lady most beautifully dressed, who came up to her and asked for a drink.

It was the same fairy whom her sister had seen, but who had now come as a princess to see how far the girl's rudeness would go.

"Have I come here," said the proud and disagreeable girl, "to give you water to drink? Have I brought this silver pitcher just to get water for your ladyship? But you may drink out of it if you wish."

"You are not over and above polite," said the fairy, without getting angry. "Well, then, since you are so disagreeable, I give you for a gift that, at every word you speak, there shall come out of your mouth a snake or a toad."

When her mother saw her coming, she cried out, "Well, my daughter?" "Well, mother," said the rude girl, dropping out of her mouth a snake and a toad. "Oh! oh!" cried the mother, "what is it I see? It is your sister who has done this; but she shall pay for it," and she

ran at once to beat her. The poor child fled away from her and went to hide herself in the forest, not very far from the house.

The king's son, who was coming back from hunting, met her. He saw she was very pretty, and so he asked her what she did there alone, and why she cried. "Alas! sir, my mother has driven me from the house." The king's son, who saw four or five pearls and as many diamonds come out of her mouth, begged her to tell him how it happened. Then she told him the whole story. And the king's son fell in love with her; he took her to the palace of the king, his father, and there married her.

As for her sister, she made herself so much hated that her own mother drove her from the house.

PERRAULT.

POLITENESS.

Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way.

THE CHILD'S WORLD.

Great, wide, wonderful, beautiful world,
With the wonderful water about you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully dressed !

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree ;
It walks on the water and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills ;

You friendly earth ; how far do you go
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles ?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, world, at all ;
And yet, when I said my prayer to-day,
A whisper within me seemed to say :

“ You are more than the earth, though you're
such a dot ;
You can love and think, and the world cannot.”

JACOB AND WILHELM GRIMM.

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm were brothers. Wilhelm is the German for William. Their home was in Germany, where they died not many years ago.



They were great scholars; but they loved the simple and beautiful folk-stories of the German people. Many of these stories had never been written or printed. They had been told for hundreds of years by mothers and grand-

mothers to their children.

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm thought that these stories should be collected and printed so that they might not be forgotten. They spent many years in collecting them. The stories are now well known to children all over the world.

Some of the best known are *Briar Rose*, *The Frog Prince*, *Hans in Luck*, and *The Queen Bee*.

THE QUEEN BEE.



Two sons of a king went out to see the world. They fell into a wild kind of life and never came home again. So their youngest brother, who was called Dummling, set out to find them. He found them at last, but they made fun of him for thinking that he, who was so simple, could get on in the world, when they two, who were so much wiser, could not.

They all three went on together, and came to an ant-hill. The two older brothers wanted to stir it up so that they might see the little ants running around in their fright and carrying their eggs away, but Dummling said, "Let the little ants alone; I will not let you trouble them."

Then they went on and came to a lake, on which a great many ducks were swimming. The two brothers wanted to catch a pair and roast them, but Dummling would not let them. He said, "Let the ducks alone; I will not let you kill them."

At last they came to a bee's nest, in which there was so much honey that it ran out and down the trunk of the tree. The two wanted to make a fire under the tree and smoke the bees, so that they could get the honey. But Dummling again stopped them and said, "Let the bees alone ; I will not let you smoke them."

At last the three brothers came to a castle, where stone horses were standing in the stables, but they saw no one. They went through all the rooms of the castle, until at the end they came to a door with three locks. In the middle of the door was a little hole through which they could look into the room. They saw a little gray man sitting at a table. They called to him once, twice, but he did not hear ; then they called him for the third time, and at last he got up, unlocked the door, and came out. He said nothing but led them to a table loaded with good things. They ate and drank. Then he took each of them to a sleeping-room.

The next morning, the little gray man came to the eldest, nodded to him, and led him to a table of stones, on which were written three things that must be done to free the castle.

The first was, that in the wood under the moss lay the pearls of the king's daughter—there were a thousand of them ; these must be found, and if

at sunset even one was gone, he who had looked for them would be turned into stone.

The eldest went out and looked for them all day, but when the day was done, he had found only a hundred ; what was written on the table came to pass, and he was turned into stone.

The next day the second brother tried it ; but he did but little better than the eldest, for he found not more than two hundred pearls, and he was turned into stone.

So at last, it was Dummling's turn. He looked in the moss, but the pearls were hard to find, and he did not get on very fast. Then he sat down on a stone and began to cry. And as he sat there, the king of the ants, whose life he had once saved, came with five thousand ants, and before long they had found all the pearls and put them in a pile.

The second thing to do was to get the key of the sleeping-room of the king's daughter out of the lake.

When Dummling came to the lake, the ducks, whose lives he had once saved, swam up to him, dived down, and brought up the key.

But the third thing was the most difficult. From the three sleeping daughters of the king, he must pick out the youngest and sweetest. They looked just alike, and there was no way to tell them apart but this,—before they went to sleep each one

had eaten something sweet but not the same thing ; the eldest had eaten some sugar, the second a little syrup, and the youngest a spoonful of honey.

Then the queen of the bees, which Dummling had saved from the fire, came and tried the lips of all three. At last she stayed on the lips which had eaten the honey, and the king's son knew which was the youngest.

Then the enchantment was at an end ; all awoke, and those who had been turned into stone became themselves again. Dummling married the youngest and sweetest princess and became king after her father died. His two brothers married the two other sisters.

GRIMM.



BRIAR ROSE.



I.

Long ago there lived a king and queen who had no child, although every day they wished for one. But, as the queen was bathing one day, a frog hopped out of the water and said to her, "You shall have your wish ; before a year goes by you shall have a daughter."

As the frog had said, so it happened ; and a little girl was born. She was so beautiful that the king in his joy did not know what to do, and he gave a splendid feast. He invited not only his relatives and friends, but also the wise women ; for he wished them to be kind to the child.

There were thirteen of them in his kingdom ; but as he had only twelve golden plates for them to eat from, one of them had to stay at home.

The splendid feast was held, and as it came to an end the wise women gave their wonderful gifts to the child : One gave virtue, another beauty, a third riches, and so on, until they had given all there is in the world to wish for. When eleven of them had spoken, in came the thirteenth. She was angry because she had not been invited, and, without looking at any one, she cried out in a loud voice : " When the princess is fifteen years old, she shall prick herself with a spindle and fall down dead ; " and without speaking another word, she turned round and left the room.

All were frightened. Then the twelfth, who had not yet given her gift, stepped out. Because she could not take away the evil wish, but could only make it not quite so bad, she said : " The princess shall not die, but shall fall into a deep sleep, and not wake for a hundred years. " The king, who wished to save his child from this misfortune, ordered all the spindles in his kingdom burned.

The princess grew up with all the gifts of the wise women ; and she was so beautiful, sweet, kind, and clever, that every one who saw her loved her.

On the day that she was fifteen years old, the king and queen were not at home, and she was left alone in the palace. She went all about the palace, looking into every room and every place, just as she pleased, until she came at last to an old tower. She went up the narrow, winding stairs, and came to a little door. There was a rusty key in the lock; she turned it, the door opened, and there in the little room sat an old woman with her spindle, spinning flax.

"Good day, grand-mother," said the princess, "what are you doing?"

"I am spinning," said the old woman, nodding her head.

"What is that thing that goes around so fast?" asked the girl, and she took the spindle to try to spin. She hardly had the spindle in her hand before the evil wish came true and she pricked her finger.

That very moment she fell back upon a bed



which stood there, and lay in a deep sleep. And the deep sleep fell upon the whole palace. The king and the queen, who had just come home and were in the great hall, fell fast asleep, and all the court with them. The horses in the stalls, the dogs in the yard, the doves on the roof, the flies on the wall, and even the fire in the fire-place, all became still and went to sleep; the meat stopped roasting, and the cook, who had caught the kitchen boy by the hair because he had done something wrong, let him go and fell asleep. The wind went down, and not a leaf moved on the trees about the palace.

II.

A thick hedge of briars began to grow around the palace, and every year it grew higher and higher, till at last the whole palace was hidden, and nothing could be seen but the weather vane on the roof.

The story of the beautiful sleeping Briar Rose, for so the princess was called, was told all over the land, and from time to time princes came and tried to break through the hedge into the palace. But they tried in vain; for the briars held fast together, just as if they had hands.

After many years another prince came to that

country. He heard an old man tell about the hedge of briars, and that there was a beautiful palace behind it, in which a beautiful princess, called Briar Rose, had slept for a hundred years, and with her the king and the queen and all their court. The old man had been told by his grandfather that many princes had come and tried to break through the hedge, but had been caught by the briars and died. Then the young man said, "I am not afraid. I will get through and see beautiful Briar Rose." The good old man tried to keep him back, but he would not listen to his words.

The hundred years were now just at an end, and the day had come when Briar Rose was to wake again. As the prince came up to the hedge, the briars became beautiful large flowers, which drew aside and let him pass through and then came together behind him.

In the court-yard he saw the horses and dogs lying fast asleep, and on the roof the doves were sitting with their heads under their wings.

In the palace the flies were asleep on the wall, the cook in the kitchen still stood with his hand up as if he were going to strike the kitchen-boy, and the kitchen-maid sat with the black hen that she was going to pick. He went on, and in the great



hall he saw the whole court lying asleep, and near the throne lay the king and the queen. He went on, and all was so still that he could hear himself breathe; and at last he came to the tower and opened the door of the little room where Briar Rose lay asleep. There she lay; she was so beautiful that he could not turn his eyes from her, and he bent over her and kissed her. As he did so she awoke, opened her eyes, and looked at him. Together they went down; the king and the queen and the whole court awoke and looked at each other with wide-opened eyes.

Then the horses in the yard got up and shook themselves; the dogs jumped up and wagged their tails; the doves on the roof took their heads from under their wings, looked around, and flew into the field; the flies upon the walls began to crawl; the fire in the kitchen began to burn and to cook the meat; the meat began to roast; the cook gave the boy such a box upon the ear that he yelled; and the maid began to pick the hen.

Then the wedding of the prince and Briar Rose was celebrated with great splendor, and they lived happily to the end of their lives.

—GRIMM

HANS IN LUCK.

I.

Hans had served his master seven years, when he said to him, "Master, my time is up, and now I should like to go home again to my mother, so give me my pay."

His master answered, "You have served me well and honestly ; as you have served, so shall you be paid." Then he gave Hans a lump of gold as big as his head.



Hans took his handkerchief out of his pocket, put the lump of gold into it, threw it over his shoulder, and set out on the road towards home. As he went along, always putting one foot before the other, a rider came in

sight, trotting gayly along upon a fine horse.

"Ah!" said Hans aloud, "what a fine thing it is to ride ! You sit down just as if you were in

a chair, kick your toes against no stones, do not wear out your shoes, and go along you hardly know how."

The rider heard this; he stopped and said, "Well, Hans, why do you go on foot, then?"

"Because I must," said he. "I must carry this lump of gold home. What if it is gold; I can hardly hold my head up, and it hurts my shoulder."

"I tell you what," said the rider, "we will trade. I will give you my horse, and you shall give me your lump of gold."

"With all my heart," said Hans; "but I tell you, you will find it heavy."

The rider got off, took the gold, and helped Hans up. He put the reins into his hands and said, "When you want to go real fast, you must click with your tongue, and cry, Get up! Get up."

Hans was delighted as he sat upon his horse, and rode so easily and merrily on. After a while he thought he should like to go a little faster, so he began to click with his tongue and to cry, "Get up! Get up!" The horse broke into a quick trot, and before Hans knew what he was about, he was thrown off, and found himself lying in a ditch by the side of the road. The horse would have got

away if he had not been stopped by a peasant who was coming along the road, driving a cow before him. Hans came to himself and got up. He was greatly vexed, and said to the peasant, "This riding is poor fun, especially on such a beast as this, which stumbles and throws you off and almost breaks your neck. I will never get on that beast again. Now, I like your cow. You can walk along in comfort behind her; and besides you are sure of milk, butter, and cheese, every day. What would I not give for such a cow!"

"Well," said the peasant, "such pleasure may be yours, for I will trade my cow for your horse."

Hans was more than pleased to trade. The peasant got upon the horse and rode quickly away. Hans drove his cow along quietly before him, and thought over his lucky bargain.

"If I have only a piece of bread, and I am sure I can get that, then as often as I please I can get butter and cheese with it. If I am thirsty, I can milk my cow and have a drink of milk. What more can I wish?"

When he came to an inn he stopped and spent his last penny, besides eating all he had brought with him for dinner and supper.

Then he drove his cow on towards the village where his mother lived. He felt the heat more

and more as it grew nearer noon ; and now Hans found himself on a wide plain, which it would take him an hour to cross.' He became so hot that his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth.

"I can better this," thought Hans. "Now I will milk my cow and refresh myself with the milk." He tied her to a tree, and as he had no pail, he held his leather cap to catch the milk ; but not a drop could he get, try as hard as he would. As he did not know how to milk very well, the cow at last gave him such a kick on the head that he fell to the ground, and for a long time could not think where he was. Luckily a butcher came by with a young pig in a wheelbarrow.



"What kind of a trick is this?" said he, as he helped poor Hans to get up. Hans told him what

had happened. The butcher gave him some water and said :

"There, take a drink and refresh yourself. The cow will give you no milk ; she is an old beast, and is good for nothing but to be killed for beef."

"Well, well," said Hans, smoothing his hair, "who would have thought it? It is all very well when you can kill such a beast at home, and use the meat, but for my part I do not like cow's meat ; it is not tender enough for me. Now, if I only had a young pig ! That tastes better, and besides you can make sausages from it."

"Well, Hans," said the butcher, "to please you, I will trade, and will give you the pig for the cow."

"Heaven reward you for your kindness!" cried Hans ; and he gave the cow to the butcher. He untied the pig from the wheelbarrow and held it fast by the string.

II.

Hans went on again, thinking how everything turned out just as he wished, and how, if he met with any trouble, all was sure soon to be made right again. After a while, he fell in with a boy who was carrying a fine white goose under his arm. They said, "Good day" to each other,

and Hans went on to tell him all about his good luck and how he had made so many good trades. The boy said he was taking the goose to a feast.

"Just feel how heavy it is," said he, taking it up by its wings. "It has been fattening for the last eight weeks. Whoever bites it after it is roasted will have to wipe the fat from both sides of his mouth."

"Yes," said Hans, as he weighed it in his hand, "it is heavy; but my pig is all right, too." While he was speaking the boy became very grave, looked about on all sides, and shook his head.

"See here," he said at last, "your pig may not be all right, after all. In the village through which I have just come, a pig has been stolen out of the sty of the mayor! I am afraid, I am afraid you have that pig in your hand. They have sent out many people, and it would be a bad thing if they should catch you with the pig! The least they would do would be to throw you into some dark prison." Poor Hans was frightened.

"For Heaven's sake, help me out of this trouble," he cried. "You know this place better than I do; take my pig and let me have your goose."

"I shall have to run some risk," replied the boy, "but I do not wish you to get into trouble."

So he took the string in his hand and drove the pig away quickly on a side road, while Hans went on free from care towards home with the goose under his arm.

“If I look at it rightly,” said he to himself, “I have the better of the bargain. First, there is a good roast; then the fat will keep me in goose-grease for three months; and there are the fine white feathers with which I shall fill my pillow, and then I can go to sleep upon it without being rocked. How glad my mother will be!”

As he came to the last village on his road, he saw a scissors-grinder with a wheel; the wheel buzzed as it turned, and the man sang:

“I sharpen the scissors as quickly I turn,
And think very little of what I shall earn.”



Hans stood and looked at him ; at last he spoke to him, and said :

"Things must go well with you, you are so happy at your grinding."

"Yes," replied the scissors-grinder, "my trade is a golden one. A good grinder never puts his hand into his pocket without finding money there. But where did you buy that fine goose?"

"I did not buy it, I traded a pig for it," said Hans.

"And the pig?"

"I got that for a cow."

"And the cow?"

"I got that for a horse."

"And the horse?"

"For that I gave a lump of gold as big as my head."

"And the gold?"

"Oh, that was my pay for seven years' work."

"You have known how to better yourself every time," said the grinder. "Now, if you could only bring it about that you would hear money rattling in your pocket whenever you stood up, your fortune would be made."

"How shall I do that?" said Hans.

"You must become a grinder like me. You need only a grindstone; the rest will come of

itself. I have one here ; it is, to be sure, a little worn, and so I would not ask more than your goose for it ; would you like it ? ”

“ How can you ask ? ” replied Hans. “ I should be the happiest man in the world. If I find money as often as I put my hand in my pocket, what need I worry about any longer ? ” So he handed him the goose and took the grindstone.

“ Now,” said the grinder, picking up a heavy common field-stone that lay near him, “ here is another fine stone ; you can straighten out all your old nails on it if you only hammer them long enough. Take it, and carry it with care.”

Hans took the stone and went on with a light heart. His eyes lighted up with joy, and he cried out : “ I must have been born in a lucky hour, everything that I wish for comes to me.”

But as Hans had been on his feet since day-break, he now began to be tired. He was hungry, too ; for in his joy at getting the cow, he had eaten all his food at once. At last he could hardly go on and had to stop every minute, for the stones were very heavy. He could not help thinking how good it would be if he did not have to carry them. Crawling along like a snail, he came to a well. Here he thought he would stop and refresh himself with a drink. He laid the stones carefully



beside him at the edge of the well, so that he might not injure them in sitting down. He sat down and bent over to drink ; but before he knew it he pushed one of the stones a little, and both fell plump into the water. Hans, as he saw them sink to the bottom, jumped up for joy, and then fell again on his knees and thanked Heaven, with tears in his eyes, that in so good a way, and without any fault of his, he was rid of the heavy stones.

“There is no man under the sun as lucky as I am,” he cried out.

Then, with a light heart and free from all his cares, he went on until he reached his mother’s house.

GRIMM.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
 In a beautiful pea-green boat;
 They took some honey, and plenty of money,
 Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
 The Owl looked up to the moon above,
 And sang to a small guitar,
 "O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!
 What a beautiful pussy you are,—
 You are,
 What a beautiful pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
 How wonderful sweet you sing!
 O let us be married,—too long we have tarried,—
 But what shall we do for a ring?"
 They sailed away for a year and a day
 To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
 And there in the wood, a piggy-wig stood
 With a ring in the end of his nose,—
 His nose,
 With a ring in the end of his nose.

“Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?” Said the piggy, “I will.”
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,—
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR.

THE WIND AND THE LEAVES.

“Come, little leaves,” said the wind one day,
“Come o’er the meadows with me, and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,—
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold.”
Soon as the leaves heard the wind’s loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.
Dancing and flying the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they were content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

GEORGE COOPER.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Nearly one hundred years ago, in the little village of Odense, in Denmark, Hans Christian Andersen was born. His parents were very poor. His father was a shoemaker, but he was not well enough to do much work.



Hans was a strange little boy, and his mind was always filled with strange thoughts. He loved the flowers and the birds, the trees and the streams, the sky, the moon, and the stars. He loved the stories of robbers, giants, and witches, which his father told him, and which he heard again and again from the old ladies in the poorhouse at Odense, where he spent many long hours. A strange place for a little boy to spend his time, was it not? But this odd little boy also went often to the madhouse, where he played for hours in the long hallways, and where one day he was terribly frightened by a beautiful lunatic.

When only five years of age, Hans went with his father and mother to take dinner with the jailer at the prison in Odense. Two prisoners waited at the table, but little Hans could eat nothing ; his mind was full of stories of robbers and dungeons and enchanted castles, and he had to be put to bed. He tells us that when he was left alone, he was no longer frightened, and that he turned it all into a wonderful fairy tale. Do you wonder that clever little Hans was a strange wild boy and that people said, "He is cracked, like his grandfather?"

His father died when Hans was eleven years old. His mother wished him to become a tailor, but Hans wanted to write stories ; and although he had no money, he set out for Copenhagen to study. After many months of hardship and suffering in the great city, he became acquainted with a kind and wealthy man, who liked his stories and helped him.

Hans Christian Andersen has written many stories, both for grown-up people and for children ; but he will always be remembered and loved for his children's stories. Children in nearly every part of the world have read them, and have learned to love the man who wrote them. You have read *The Princess and the Pea*, and one of

the stories from *What the Moon Saw*. You will read *The Daisy*, which will tell you how Hans Christian Andersen loved the flowers and the birds, and show you what a tender, loving heart he had. You will also read *The Ugly Duckling*, which is perhaps the most famous of his stories ; it is the story of his own life—the poor, ugly duckling that became a swan and was loved and honored ; for Hans Christian Andersen, the poor shoemaker's son, who ran wild and ignorant about Odense, in the poor-house, the madhouse, and the jail, and who was thought to be "cracked like his grandfather," has come to be greatly loved and greatly honored.



THE DAISY.

Now, listen !

Out in the country, close by the highroad, stood a farmhouse ; perhaps you have passed by and seen it for yourself. There was a little flower-garden with a painted wooden fence in front of it ; near by was a ditch, and on its fresh green banks grew a little daisy. The sun shone as warmly and as brightly upon it as upon the large and beautiful garden flowers, and so it grew from hour to hour. One morning it stood in full blossom, with its little snow-white petals like rays around the yellow sun in the center. It did not care that no one saw it in the grass, and that it was a poor despised flower. No, it was very happy, and turned towards the warm sun, looked up at it, and listened to the song of the lark high up in the air.

The little daisy was as happy as if the day were a great holiday ; but it was only Monday. All the children were at school ; and while they were sitting in their seats and learning their lessons, it sat on its little green stalk and learned from the warm sun, and from all around, how good God is, and it was glad that all that it felt was told so sweetly and clearly in the song of the lark.

And the daisy looked up with a kind of wonder to the happy bird who could fly and sing ; but it was not at all sad because it could not fly and sing also.

“I can see and hear,” it thought ; “the sun shines upon me, and the wind kisses me. How rich I am !”

In the garden near by grew many large and beautiful flowers and, strange to say, the less fragrance they had the prouder they were. The peonies puffed themselves up to be larger than the roses ; but size is not everything. The tulips had the finest colors ; they knew it well, and held themselves bolt upright, that they might be better seen.

They did not see the little daisy outside, but the daisy looked over at them and thought, “How rich and beautiful they are ! I know the pretty bird will fly down to see them. How glad I am that I stand so near them !”

Just as the daisy was thinking this, the lark came flying down, crying, “Tweet,” but not to the peonies and tulips ; no, into the grass to the poor daisy. Its joy was so great that it did not know what to think.

The little bird hopped round it and sang, “How soft and beautiful the grass is, and what a

lovely little flower, with its golden heart and silver dress, is growing here." The yellow center in the daisy did indeed look like gold, and the little rays around it shone as brightly as silver.

How happy the daisy was! No one can tell. The bird kissed it with its bill, sang to it, and then flew up again to the blue sky. It was more than a quarter of an hour before the daisy was herself again. Half ashamed, yet glad at heart, it looked over at the other flowers in the garden, for they must have seen the honor that had been done it and would know the joy it felt.

But the tulips stood up prouder than ever, and their faces were pointed and red, for they were angry. The peonies were sulky; it was well they could not speak, or they would have given the daisy a good scolding. The little flower could see very well that they did not feel happy, and she was sorry for them.

Soon after this, a girl came into the garden with a large, sharp knife. She went to the tulips and began cutting them off one after another. "Oh!" sighed the daisy, "that is terrible. It is all over with them now."

The girl carried the tulips away. The daisy was glad that it stood outside and was only a poor little flower; it felt very grateful. When the sun

set the daisy folded its white rays, and went to sleep and dreamed all night of the sun and the little bird.

The next morning, when the flower again joyfully stretched out its white rays, like little arms, to the air and the light, it heard the voice of the lark ; but the song was sad. Indeed, the poor bird had good reason to be sad—he had been caught and put into a cage close by the open window. He sang of the happy days when he was free to fly about ; he sang of the fresh green corn in the fields, and of the time when he could soar almost up to the clouds. The poor lark was very unhappy, for he was shut up in a cage.

The little daisy would have been very glad to help him. But what could it do ? That was hard for it to find out. It forgot how beautiful everything around it was, how warm the sun was shining, and what a lovely white its own rays were. It could only think of the poor bird shut up in the cage, for which it could do nothing.

Just then two little boys came out of the garden. One of them had a large sharp knife, like that with which the girl had cut the tulips. They went straight up to the little daisy, who could not think what they were going to do.

“ Here is a fine piece or turf for the lark,” said

one of the boys ; and he began to cut round the daisy. He cut out a square piece of turf with the daisy just in the center.

" Pull up the flower," said the other boy ; and the daisy trembled with fear, for if it were pulled up it would die ; and now it wanted so much to live, for it was to go with the square of turf into the cage with the lark.

" No, let it stay," said the other boy, " it looks so pretty." And so it was left and was put into the cage with the lark.

The poor bird was sorrowing because it was no longer free, and was beating its wings against the wires ; but the little daisy could not speak, could say no word of comfort to him, much as it would have liked to do so. And so the morning passed.

" There is no water here," said the lark. " They have all gone away and have forgotten to give me anything to drink. My throat is dry and burning. I feel as if I had fire and ice within me, and the air is so close. Oh ! I must die, and leave the warm sunshine, the fresh green fields and all the beauty that God has made." And he thrust his bill into the piece of grass to refresh himself a little. Then he saw the little daisy, nodded to it, kissed it with his bill and said, " You also must wither in here, poor little flower. You and the

piece of grass are all they have given me for the whole world which I had outside. Each little blade of grass shall be a green tree for me, each one of your white rays a fragrant flower. Oh! you only make me think of what I have lost."

"I wish I could comfort the poor lark?" thought the daisy; but it could not move a leaf. The fragrance from its leaves was much stronger than is often found in these flowers, and the bird liked it so much that, though he was dying with thirst, and in his pain tore up the green blades of grass, he did not touch the flower.

The evening came; but no one brought the poor bird a drop of water. Then he opened his beautiful wings and beat the air with them in his pain; a low and sad "Peep, peep" was all he could say; his little head bent down toward the flower, and the bird's heart broke with want and longing. Then the flower could not fold up its rays and sleep as it had done the evening before; it drooped sick and sorrowful.

Not till morning did the boys come, and when they saw the dead bird they began to cry bitterly. They dug a nice grave for him and made it pretty with flowers. They put the dead bird into a pretty red box, for he was to be buried like a king. While he was alive and sang, they

forgot him and let him suffer want in the cage; now they cried over him and covered him with flowers.

The piece of turf with the little daisy in it was thrown out into the road. No one thought of the flower that had felt so much for the bird and had wished so much to comfort him.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

" Bob-o'link ! Bob-o'link !
Now what do you think ?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day ? "

" Not I," said the dog, " Bow-wow !
I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow !
I gave the hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, " Bow-wow !
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

" To-whit ! to-whit ! to-whee !
Will you listen to me ?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made ? "

" Coo-coo ! Coo-coo ! Coo-coo
Let me speak a word, too !
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast ? "

" Not I," said the sheep ; " oh, no !
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa ! Baa ! " said the sheep ; " oh, no
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

“ To-whit ! to-whit ! to-whee !
Will you listen to me ?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made ? ”

“ Bob-o'-link ! Bob-o'-link !
Now what do you think ?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day ? ”

“ Caw ! Caw ! ” cried the crow ;
“ I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day ? ”

“ Cluck ! Cluck ! ” said the hen ;
“ Don't ask me again,
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck ! Cluck ! ” said the hen,
“ Don't ask me again. ”

“ Chirr-a-whirr ! Chirr-a-whirr !
All the birds make a stir !
Let us find out his name,
And all cry, ‘for shame !’ ”

“ I would not rob a bird,”
Said little Mary Green ;
“ I think I never heard
Of anything so mean.”

“ It is very cruel, too,”
Said little Alice Neal ;
“ I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel ? ”

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast ;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.



SILLY HANS.

There was once a fine house out in the country, and in it lived an old man with his two sons, who were too clever by half. They had made up their minds to marry the king's daughter, and they did this because she had made it known that she would marry the man who could speak best for himself.

The two brothers took eight days to get ready; it was all the time they had for it, but it was enough for such very clever people.

"I shall win the king's daughter," they both said, and their father gave each of them a beautiful horse; to one, a coal-black horse, and to the other, a milk-white one. Then they rubbed the corners of their mouths with oil so that they might be able to talk more easily. All the servants came to see them ride away, and just then the third brother came—for there were three—but no one thought much of him, for he did not know as much as his brothers, and was called Silly Hans.

"Where are you going in all your fine clothes?" he asked.

"To the palace, to talk to the king's daughter. Haven't you heard the news?" And then they told him the word the princess had sent all over the country.

"Well, well! Then I'll go too," said Silly Hans; and the brothers laughed and rode away.

"Father, let me have a horse, I want to get married too. If she takes me, she takes me; and if she doesn't take me, I will take her all the same."

"What nonsense!" said his father. "I will give you no horse. Why, you could say nothing for yourself; but your brothers are fine fellows."



"If I can't have a horse," said Silly Hans, "I'll take the goat; he is my own, and he will carry me very well." So he jumped upon the goat, stuck his heels into its sides and rode off down the road. Whew! how they went!

"I am coming," shouted Silly Hans, and he sang till the air was full of it.

The brothers rode on without speaking a word. They were thinking over all the bright things they would say later ; for they meant to be very clever, you know.

"Hallo," shouted Silly Hans, "here I come ; see what I have found in the road !" and he showed a dead crow which he had found.

"What are you going to do with that ?" they asked.

"I will give it to the king's daughter."

"Yes, I would," said they, and they laughed and rode on.

"Hallo, here I come ; see what I have found now ; you don't find such a thing as this every day in the road."

The brothers turned round to see what it was.

"Blockhead," said they, "that is nothing but an old wooden shoe. Is the king's daughter to have that too ?"

"Yes, she is," said Hans, and the two brothers laughed and rode on.

"Hallo, hallo, here I am !" shouted Silly Hans. "This is great luck !"

"What have you found now ?" asked the brothers.

"Won't the king's daughter be pleased !" said Silly Hans.

"Why," said the brothers, "that is only mud out of the ditch."

"Yes, that's what it is," said Silly Hans, "and the finest kind of mud, too. You can hardly hold it."

He filled his pockets with it.

The brothers rode on as fast as they could, and came to the city gates a whole hour before Hans. At the gate, the suitors were given numbers as they came. They were then placed in rows of six each, and so close together that they could not even move their arms.

All the other people of the country stood round the palace, right up to the windows, to see the king's daughter receive the suitors. As each suitor came into the room, he seemed all at once unable to speak.

"No good," said the king's daughter, "away with him !"

Now came the turn of one of the brothers ; but he had forgotten everything he knew while standing in the row. The floor creaked and the ceiling was made of looking-glass, so that he saw himself standing on his head ; and at every window there were three clerks, who wrote down everything that was said so that it might get into the papers at once, and be sold for a penny

at the street corner. It was terrible, and there was so much fire in the stove that it was red hot on top.

"It is terribly hot here," said the suitor.

"That is because my father is roasting chickens to-day," said the king's daughter.

Bah! there he stood like a fool; he had not expected to be spoken to in that way, and he did not know what to say just when he wanted to say something clever.

"No good," said the king's daughter, "away with him;" and he had to go.

Next came his brother.

"There's a fearful heat here," said he.

"Yes, we are roasting chickens to-day," said the king's daughter.

"What did—what?" said he; and all the clerks wrote down, "What did—what."

"No good," said the king's daughter, "away with him."

Then came Silly Hans. He rode his goat right into the room.

"What a burning heat you have here," said he.

"That is because I am roasting chickens," said the king's daughter.

"I am in luck," said Silly Hans, "for I suppose I can get a crow roasted, too."

"Yes, you may," said the king's daughter; but have you anything to roast it in, for I have neither pot nor pan."

"Yes, I have," said Silly Hans. "Here is a roasting-pan;" and he pulled out the wooden shoe and put the crow into it.

"Why, there is enough for a whole meal," said the king's daughter; "but where shall you get any dripping to baste it with?"

"Oh, I have some in my pocket," said Silly Hans; "I have more than enough;" and he took a little of the mud out of his pocket and basted the crow with it.

"Now I like that," said the king's daughter; "you have an answer for everything, and you have something to say for yourself. I will have you for my husband."

And so Silly Hans became king, and got a wife and a crown, and sat upon the throne.

FROM A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BED IN SUMMER.

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?



AT THE SEA-SIDE.

When I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup.
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.





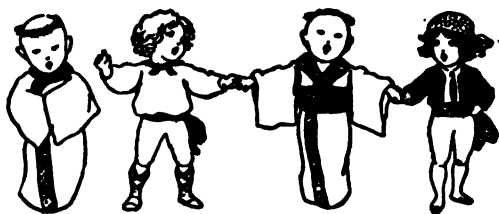
RAIN.

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

WINDY NIGHTS.

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about ?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.



SINGING.

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees ;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain ;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

MY SHADOW.

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head ;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my
bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to
grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very
slow ;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber
ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him
at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort and way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward, you can see ;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks
to me !

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup ;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

THE SWING.

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do.

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

I.



It was beautiful out in the country. It was summer. The wheat was golden and the oats still green ; the hay was stacked down in the green meadows, where the stork walked about on his long red legs.

All about the fields and meadows were thick woods, and in the middle of the woods were deep lakes,—it was indeed beautiful out in the country.

In a sunny spot stood an old farm-house with canals all about it ; from the walls of the house down to the water's edge grew great burdocks ; some of them were so tall that a little child could stand upright under them. In among them it seemed as wild as in the thickest woods. Here sat a duck upon her nest waiting for her young ones to hatch. She found it very lonesome, for she had few visitors. The other ducks liked much better to swim about in the canals than to climb up and sit under the burdock leaves and talk with her.

At last one egg after another began to crack.

"Peep, peep," they said. All the little ones had come to life and were poking their heads out.

"Quack! quack!" said the duck; and then they all quacked as well as they could and looked about them on all sides among the green leaves. Their mother let them look about as much as they wished, for green is good for the eyes.

"How big the world is, to be sure!" said all the little ones; for they had ever so much more room to move about than when they were inside the eggs.

"Do you think this is the whole world?" said the mother. "It stretches a long way on the other side of the garden, right into the farmer's field; but I have never been as far as that. Are you all out?" and she stood up to see. "No, I have not got you all yet! The biggest egg is still there. How long is this going to last? I am tired of it—" and then she sat down again.

"Well, how are you getting on?" said an old duck who had come to pay her a visit.

"This one egg takes such a long time," said the duck on the nest, "it will not break. But now you must look at the others; are they not the finest ducklings ever seen? They are all like their father—the good-for-nothing; he never comes to see me."

"Let me see the egg that will not break," said the old duck. "You may be sure that it is a turkey's egg. I was fooled in that way once, and I had no end of trouble and worry with the little ones, for they are afraid of the water. I could not get them into it; I quacked and snapped at them, but it was of no use. Let me see the egg. Yes, it is a turkey's egg. Just leave it alone and teach the other children to swim."

"I will sit on it a little longer," said the mother. "I have sat on it so long that I may as well sit a few days more."

"Please yourself," said the old duck; and she went away.

At last the big egg broke. "Peep! peep!" said the young one as he tumbled out. How big and ugly he was! The duck looked at him.

"That is a very big duckling," she said, "none of the others look like that. Can he be a turkey chick? Well, we shall soon find out. Into the water he shall go if I have to push him in myself."

II.

The next day was beautiful, and the sun shone on all the green burdock leaves. The mother duck with all her family went down to the canal.

Splash! into the water she jumped. "Quack,

quack," she cried, and one duckling after another jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up again and swam beautifully ; their legs went of themselves, and they were all there—even the big, ugly, gray one swam about with them.



"No, that is no turkey," she said, "see how well he uses his legs and how straight he holds himself. He is my own child, and he is not so ugly, after all, when you come to look at him right. Quack, quack! Now come with me and I will take you into the world and introduce you to the duck-yard ; but keep close to me all the time so that no one may tread upon you, and look out for the cat."

Then they went into the duck-yard. There was a terrible noise inside, for two families were fighting for an eel's head, which the cat got after all.

"That is how things go in this world," said the

mother duck; and she whetted her bill, for she wanted the eel's head herself.

"Use your legs," she said, "mind you quack just right and bend your necks to the old duck over there. She is the grandest of them all. She is of Spanish blood; that is why she is so fat. And do you see? She has a red rag round her leg. That is a very fine thing, and the greatest honor any duck can have. It means that they do not want to lose her.

"Hurry up! don't turn your toes in; a well-bred duckling keeps his feet wide apart just like his father and mother—in this way; now bend your necks and say, 'quack.'"

They did as she told them, but the other ducks round about looked at them and said, quite loud, "Just look there! now we are to have that lot too: just as if there were not enough of us already; and oh dear!—how ugly that duckling is! We don't want him here!" And a duck flew right at him and bit him in the neck.

"Let him be," said the mother, "he is doing no harm."

"Yes, but he is too big and ugly," said the duck that bit him, "so he must be pecked."

"They are pretty children the mother has," said the old duck with the rag round her leg,

"all good looking except this one. I wish that you could make him over again."

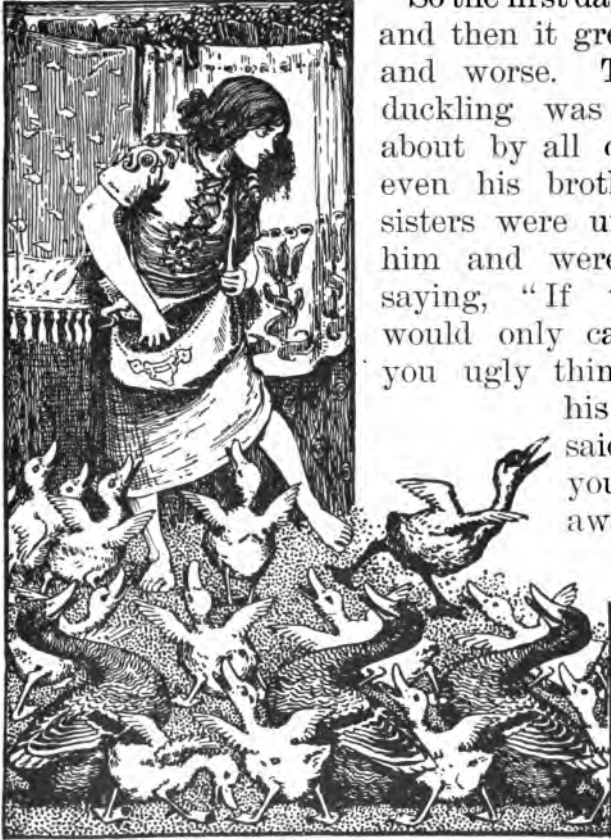
"That can't be done, your Grace," said the mother duck, "he is not pretty, but he is good-natured, and swims as well or better than any of the others. I think he will grow better looking, and in time he may become smaller. He was too long in the egg, and so he has not come out very well formed." Then she stroked his neck and smoothed the feathers. "Besides he is a drake," said she, "so it does not matter much. I believe he will be very strong and able to take care of himself."

"The other ducklings are very pretty," said the old duck. "Now make yourselves at home, and if you find an eel's head you may bring it to me."

After that they felt quite at home. But the poor duckling who had been the last to come out of the shell, and who was so ugly, was bitten, pushed about, and made fun of both by the ducks and the hens.

"He is too big," they all said; and the turkey-cock, who was born with spurs and so thought he was an emperor, puffed himself up like a ship in full sail, went straight for him, and gobbled and gobbled till he became quite red in the

face. The poor duckling did not know which way to turn. He was very unhappy, because he was so ugly and was made fun of by the whole duck-yard.



So the first day passed ;
and then it grew worse
and worse. The poor
duckling was chased
about by all of them ;
even his brothers and
sisters were unkind to
him and were always
saying, "If the cat
would only catch you,
you ugly thing !" and
his mother,
said "I wish
you were far
away from

here!" The ducks bit him, the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed them kicked him aside.

III.

So he ran away and flew over the hedge, frightening the little birds in the bushes.

"That is because I am so ugly," thought the duckling, shutting his eyes, but he ran on just the same. He came to a great marsh where the wild ducks lived. Here he lay all night, he was so sad and tired. In the morning the wild ducks flew up to look at their new comrade.

"Who are you?" they asked, and the duckling turned from side to side and bowed as well as he could.

"You are terribly ugly," said the wild ducks, "but that does not matter to us so long as you do not marry into our family."

Poor thing! he was not thinking of marrying, but only wanted to lie among the reeds and drink a little of the marsh water.

He lay there two whole days; then two wild geese came by. They were not long out of the shell, and that is why they were so bold.

"I say, comrade," they said, "you are so ugly that we quite like you. Will you come with us to the South?"

“Bang! bang!” went a gun just then, and both the wild geese fell dead among the reeds, and the water became red with their blood. “Bang! bang!” it went again, and whole flocks of wild geese flew up out of the reeds. Then there was another shot. There was a great hunt going on, and the hunters were lying all around the marsh, some were even sitting up in the branches of the trees which hung over the water. The blue smoke rose like clouds among the dark trees and floated out over the water. The dogs ran about in the marsh, splash! splash! The reeds bent down on every side. The poor duckling was in a terrible fright. He turned his head to put it under his wing, but just at that moment a frightful big dog stood close to him. The dog’s tongue hung far out of his mouth and his eyes looked wild. He opened his great mouth close to the duckling, showed his sharp teeth, and, splash! on he went without touching him.

“Thank Heaven,” said the duckling, “I am so ugly that even the dog will not bite me.”

And so he lay still while the shot whistled among the reeds, and bang after bang went the guns.

It was late in the day before all was quiet,

but even then the poor duckling did not dare to stir ; he waited some hours before he looked about him, and then he hurried away from the marsh as fast as he could. He ran across the fields and meadows, but there was such a wind that he had hard work to get along at all.

IV.

Towards night he came to a poor little hut ; it was so out of repair that it did not itself know on which side to fall, and so did not fall. The wind blew so hard against the duckling that he had to sit down to keep from blowing away, and it grew worse and worse. Then he saw that one of the hinges of the door had given way, and the door hung so to one side that he could creep through the crack, which he did.

An old woman lived there with her cat and her hen. The cat, whom she called Sonny, could put up his back and purr ; he could even give out sparks, but that was only when you stroked his fur the wrong way. The hen had very small short legs, and so she was called Chickie Short Legs ; she laid good eggs, and the woman loved her as her own child.

In the morning they at once saw the strange duckling, and the cat began to purr and the hen to cluck.

"What's this?" said the woman looking round; but she could not see well, and she thought the duckling was a fat duck that had lost her way. "This is a fine catch," she said. "Now I shall have duck's eggs, if only it is not a drake. I must find out."



And so the duckling was kept for three weeks, but no eggs came. The cat was master of the house, and the hen the mistress, and they always said, "We and the world," for they thought they were half the world, and by far the better half too. It seemed to the duckling that one might have another opinion, but the hen would not hear of it.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Well, then you must hold your tongue."

And the cat said, "Can you put up your back, purr, and give out sparks?"

"No."

"Then you will keep your opinions to yourself when sensible people are talking."



So the duckling sat in a corner and was very unhappy; then he began to think of the fresh air and the sunshine; and there came upon him such a strange longing to float on the water that he could not help telling the hen of it.

"What are you thinking of?" cried the hen. "You have nothing to do, and that is why you get these strange ideas into your head. Lay some eggs, or purr, and you will get over it."

"But it is so delightful to float on the water," said the duckling, "so delightful to feel it close over your head when you dive to the bottom."

"That would be a great pleasure," said the hen. "I think you have gone mad. Ask the cat about it—he is the wisest creature I know—ask him if

he likes to float on the water or to dive under it. I won't speak about myself. Ask our mistress, the old woman; there is no one wiser in the world than she. Do you think she has a longing to float about and to let the water close over her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the duckling.

"We don't understand you? Who then can understand you? I don't suppose you think yourself wiser than the cat or the old woman—to say nothing of myself. Don't make a fool of yourself, child, and be thankful for all the good we have done you. Have you not come into a warm room and among those from whom you can learn something? But you are a fool, and it is not pleasant to have anything to do with you. Believe me, I speak only for your own good. I say unpleasant things to you, but by that you may know your true friends. Only learn to lay eggs, or to purr, or to give out sparks."

"I think I will go out into the wide world," said the duckling.

"Well, do so," said the hen.

So the duckling went away; he floated on the water and dived under it, but all other creatures kept away from him, because he was so ugly.

V.

Now the autumn came : the leaves in the woods turned yellow and brown ; the wind took hold of them and made them dance about. Up in the air it was very cold ; and the clouds hung heavy with snow and hail. A raven stood on the fence and cawed, " Caw ! caw ! " from mere cold ; it made one shiver only to think of it. The poor duckling certainly was not having a good time.

One evening as the sun was setting in all its beauty, a whole flock of beautiful large birds came out of the bushes. The duckling had never seen such beautiful ones before. They were of shining white, with long, slender necks ; they were swans. They gave a strange cry, and spreading out their splendid broad wings, flew away from that cold place to warmer lands and open seas.

They rose so high, so very high, and a strange feeling came over the ugly duckling as he saw them. He turned round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched his neck up in the air after them and gave a cry so loud and strange that he was frightened at it himself. Oh ! he could not forget those beautiful, happy birds ! As soon as they were out of sight he dived down to the very bottom, and when he came up again he was quite

beside himself. He did not know what the birds were, nor where they were flying to ; yet he loved them as he had never loved any one before. He did not envy them at all. How could he think of wishing for such beauty as that ? He would have



been quite happy if only the ducks would have let him stay among them—poor, ugly, little thing !

The winter became cold—oh ! so cold ! The duckling had to swim about in the water to keep it from freezing over, but every night the hole in which he swam became smaller and smaller. It froze so hard that the ice cracked, and the duckling had to use his legs all the time so that the hole should not close up. At last he got tired, lay quite still, and froze fast in the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant man came by and saw him ; he went out on the ice and broke it to pieces with his wooden shoe, and carried the duckling home to his wife. There the duckling soon came to himself again.



The children wanted to play with him ; but the duckling thought they were going to hurt him ; in his fright he jumped right into a pan of milk, and the milk flew all about the room. The woman screamed and threw up her hands, at which the duckling flew down into the butter-tub, and then into the flour barrel and out again. What a sight he was then ! The woman screamed and tried to hit him with the fire-tongs, and the children, screaming with laughter, tumbled over

one another as they tried to catch him. It was well for him that the door was open, and he flew out among the bushes into the snow. There he lay, quite worn out.

But it would be too sad to tell all the trouble and suffering the poor duckling had to bear that hard winter. He was lying out on the marsh among the reeds when the sun began to shine warm again. The larks were singing and the beautiful spring had come.

Then all at once the duckling raised its wings: they were much stronger than ever before, and carried him rapidly along. Before he knew it, he found himself in a large garden where the apple trees were in full blossom and where the air was sweet with lilacs, whose long green branches hung down to the winding canals. Oh! how beautiful everything looked in the fresh spring time. Out of the bushes right in front of him came three beautiful white swans. Their wings rustled as they floated lightly over the water. The duckling knew the beautiful creatures, and a strange sadness came upon him.

"I will fly to them, and they will kill me because I, who am so ugly, dare to come near them. But I do not care. It is better to be killed by them than to be bitten by ducks, pecked by the

hens, kicked by the girl, and to suffer so much in winter." So he flew into the water and swam towards the beautiful swans. They saw him and rushed at him with rustling wings.

"Only kill me," said the poor creature, and bent his head down to the water and waited for death. But what did he see in the clear water? He saw below him his own image, but he was no longer a clumsy, dark-gray bird, ugly to look at, but a swan.

Having been born in a duck-yard matters little, if you only come out of a swan's egg. He felt quite happy at having suffered so much, for he was better able to enjoy his good fortune and all the beauty about him.

The big swans swam round him and stroked him with their bills.

Some little children came into the garden and threw bread and corn into the water. The youngest one cried out, "There is a new one!" and the other children shouted, "Yes, a new one has come!" And they clapped their hands and danced about and ran after their father and mother. They threw bread and cake into the water, and they all said, "The new one is the prettiest! so young and so beautiful!" and the old swans bowed their heads before him.

He felt quite shy, and hid his head under his wing; he did not know what to do; he was very happy, but not at all proud, for a good heart is never proud. He thought of how he had been driven about and despised, and now he heard them all say that he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. The lilacs bent their branches right down in-



the water before him, and the sun shone warm and bright. Then he rustled his wings, raised his slender neck, and cried out from the bottom of his heart, "I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was the ugly duckling."

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go ;
The horse knows the way,
To carry the sleigh,
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow !
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring,
“ Ting-a-ling-ding ! ”
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray !
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting hound !
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow,—
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood—
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

VOCABULARY.

This list contains the more difficult words used in this book, many of which, however, have been used in "Fairy Tale and Fable," the preceding book of this series.

Æsop	The Old Woman	Love
Æsop	and Her Pig	stranger
slave	sixpence	Who Has Seen the
fables	market	Wind
master	stile	trembling
manger	quench	The Three Sleepers
The Cock and the	gnaw	Bonn
Jewel	butcher	Rhine
jewel	haystack	cave
grain	The Song of the Robin	interesting
Little Birdie	gleam	Little Angel
peep	willows	beautiful
limbs	nooks	Wasps
The Egg in the Nest	lane	feelers
prettiest	The Merry Brown	wonderful
bough	Thrush	nectar
Little Red Hen	merry	pollen
wheat	thrush	destroying
thresh	juniper	India
ground	meddle	gnawing
brought	The Father of the	masons
Sweet and Low	House	miners
breathe	traveler	carpenter
western	courtyard	

**The Wasps and the
Honey Pot**

enough

The Wind

blast

**The Squirrel That
Came Back**

squirrel

**The Acorn and the
Pumpkin**

pumpkin
mistake
acorn

North Wind

country

Nineteen Birds

score
clever
tricks

Columbus

Columbus
returned
Europe
India
spices
frightened
gems
Spain
planned
undertaking
discovery

**The Country Mouse
and the City
Mouse**

bacon
dessert
enjoying

Lullaby

fainter
dwells
dells
drowsy

**Who Loves the Trees
Best**

luscious
tints
harsh

**The Ass Eating
Thistles**

thistle
dainties
prickly
poison

**The Way for Billy
and Me**

pools
trout
hawthorn
nestlings
mowers
chirp
flee
trace
hazel
clustering

The Foolish Wishes

forest
pearls
diamonds
sausage

Forget-Me-Not

language
utters

**The Princess and the
Pea**

princess
mattresses
lightened
terrible
thundered

**Boats Sail on the
Rivers**

prettier

**The Fox and the
Stork**

invited
dine
shallow
agreed
long-necked

**The New Moon
roam**

**The Frogs Desiring a
King**

desiring
juniper
boldest
stork

**Lady Moon
roving**

Bees

cucumbers
 swarm
 tongue
 China
 possible
 pollen
 nectar
 drones
 prong
 varnish

The Bee and the Flower

withered
 faint

Æsop Alphabet

alphabet
 manger
 image
 jewel
 nettle
 require
 reed
 gourd
 boasted
 quack
 diseases
 raven
 swans
 dwell
 unity
 vanity
 excuse
 jackdaw
 zest
 charming
 wit

George Washington's Boyhood

planter
 Virginia
 birth
 plantation
 Rappahannock
 cipher
 sentences
 famous
 capital
 Alexandria
 tasks
 misspelled
 corrected
 Mount Vernon
 remained
 orderly
 fiery
 bridle
 wrestling
 nestling
 Natural Bridge
 man-of-war
 delighted
 surveying
 tract
 wilderness
 forked
 wrapped

Goodness

emerald

The Cat and the Crows

battles
 fiercer
 hedge

The Frog Prince

linden-tree
 croak
 silken
 giant
 changed
 though
 task
 spirits

Little Kitty

frolic
 fro
 spied

The Bird and the Cats

seized

Birds

different
 vireos
 caterpillars
 touches
 perfectly
 artist
 proved
 ploughed
 disappeared
 distance
 discovered
 autumn
 visit
 coast
 grumbled
 Phoebe
 quail
 brown-thrasher
 purity
 robbery

**The Olive Tree and
the Fig Tree**olive
weight**The Evening Wind**sighs
restful**The Horse of Anti-
ochus**Syria
slayer
precipice**Myths**explain
Greeks
Apollo
chariot
Diana
twin
Ceres
mourned
Neptune
Mercury
invented
Daphne
grasped
laurel
Clytie
longing
Phaeton
wonderful
declared
bade
Jupiter
hurled
interesting**The Lost Doll**charmingly
heath
terribly
trodden**The Wise Elephant**elephant
India
Delhi**The Elephant and
the Tailor**tailor
bun
learned
pricked**My Heart Leaps Up
When I Behold**

behold

**The Fox Without a
Tail**sorry
notice
agreed**O Sailor, Come Ashore**ashore
coral
pluck
feeble
insects**What the Moon Saw**inn
fierce
eldest
shaggy**How the Coon Fishes**coon
ponds
sugar-cane
shell-fish
common
cunning
jerks
tamed**Benjamin Franklin**opposite
baptized
records
entry
office
bust
difficult
support
factory
industrious
electricity
apprentice
treated
Philadelphia
pleasures**The Child and the
Piper**piper
piping
valleys
glee
cheer
vanished
plucked
rural

Diamonds and Toads Briar Rose

widow
 eldest
 disagreeable
 hated
 farm
 fault
 several
 agreeable
 grumbling
 rudeness
 ladyship
 polite
 fled
 palace

splendid
 relatives
 virtue
 spindle
 evil
 misfortune
 hedge
 vane
 court
 throne
 celebrated
 splendor

The Child's World

whirls
 nod
 cliffs
 isles
 tremble
 dot

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

Germany
 scholars
 simple
 folk-stories
 collected
 briar

The Queen Bee

simple
 castle
 nodded
 enchantment

Hans In Luck

served
 peasant
 vexed
 especially
 comfort
 bargain
 plain
 tongue
 refresh
 sausages
 reward
 feast
 weighed
 sty
 mayor
 risk
 common
 snail
 carefully
 injure
 fault

The Owl and the Pussy Cat

wrapped
 guitar
 elegant
 tarried
 piggy-wig
 quince
 runcible

The Wind and the Leaves

meadows
 fluttering
 content
 earthy
 coverlet

Hans Christian Andersen

Odense
 Denmark
 parents
 giants
 witches
 poorhouse
 madhouse
 lunatic
 dungeons
 enchanted
 cracked
 Copenhagen
 hardship
 acquainted
 tender
 honored
 ignorant

The Daisy

highroad
petals
despised
fragrance
peonies
quarter
honor
sulky
grateful
blade
rays
fragrant
longing
drooped

Who Stole the Bird's**Nest**

wisp
treat
wove
scorn
intrude
brood

Silly Hans

silly
nonsense
blockhead
suits
creaked
dripping
baste

Bed in Summer

candle-light
hopping

At the Sea-Side

wooden

Rain

umbrellas

Windy Nights

gallop
tossed

Singing

speckled
Japan

My Shadow

funniest
india-rubber
notion
coward
arrant

The Wind

different
beast

The Swing

pleasantest
countryside

Thanksgiving Day

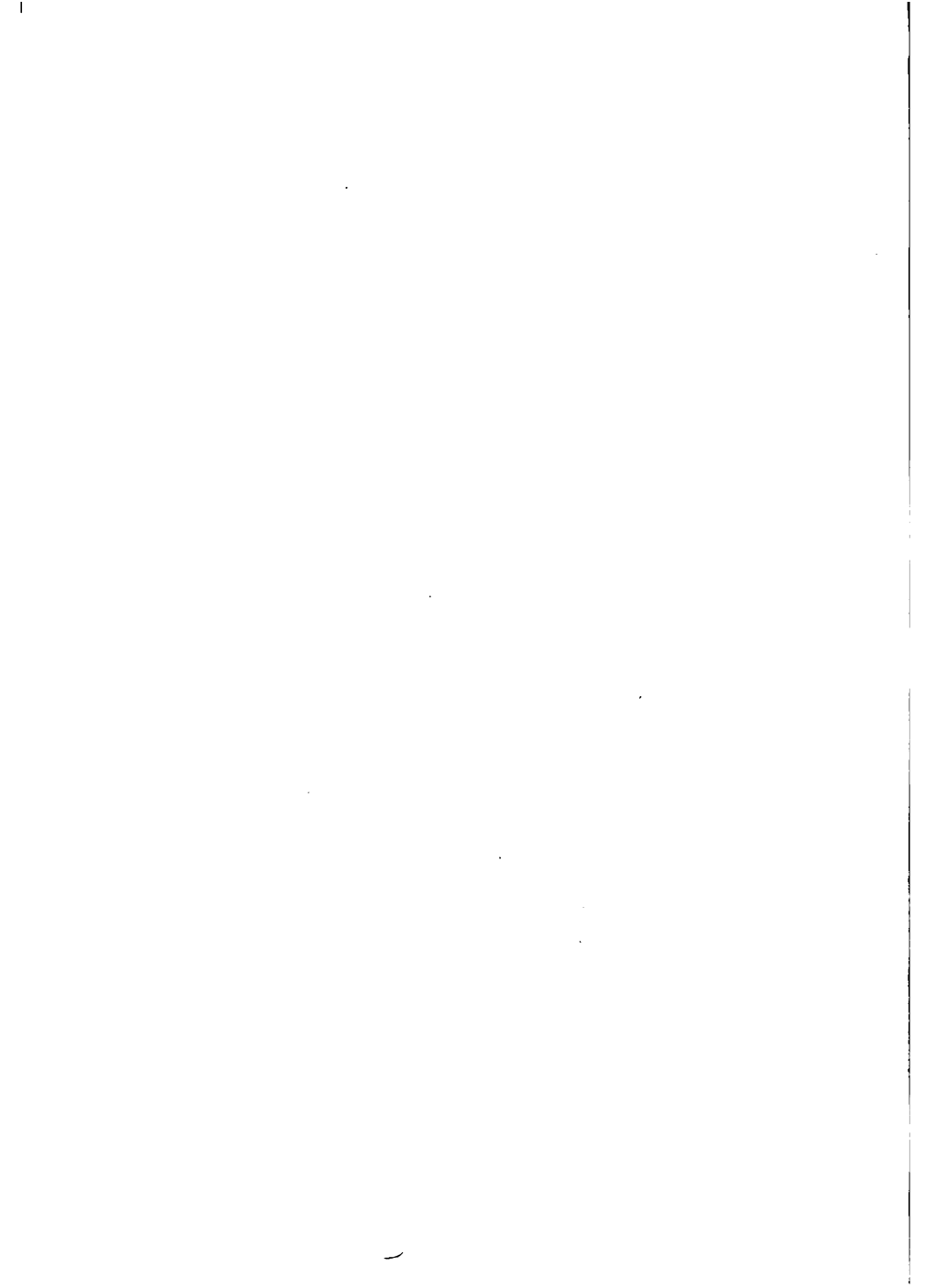
through
sleigh
hurrah
straight
extremely
pudding

The Ugly Duckling

wheat
oats
stacked
stork
canals
burdocks
poking
introduce
tread
eel
whetted
pecked
Grace
good-natured
stroked
drake
spurs
Emperor
hedge
comrade
needs
marsh
repair
mistress
opinion
sensible
longing
autumn
raven
certainly
slender
swans
peasant
firetongs
rustled
clumsy
fortune









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